

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 858.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14th, 1913.

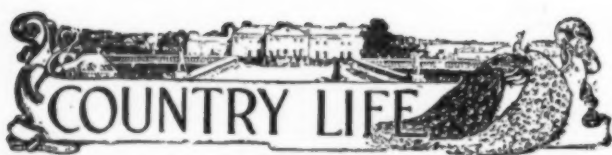
PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



RITA MARTIN.

LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

WE are glad to see that the daily papers are urging their readers to deal energetically with the fly nuisance. This year it is worse than usual, as the conditions have been exceptionally favourable for the breeding of the insects.

We may divide them into two classes, namely, the disease-carriers and those that sting or bite. Many of those who have migrated from the town to the edge of the country are disagreeably surprised when they find themselves marked all over. In many cases they have been slow to realise what was the matter, and no wonder, since the small creatures who commit the injury are practically invisible and have many secret ways of performing their iniquity. Some bite in a straightforward manner; others bury their eggs in the skin of the victim, to annoy and irritate him as they hatch out and grow. In every case they produce a most disagreeable feeling, so that the object of their onslaught can hardly prevent himself from scratching or rubbing the irritated spots. These generally are found on arms and legs, particularly in the arm-pits; but they also invade the whole body and render the skin horrible to look at, as well as painful. How to treat these small monsters is a problem that requires close attention. The first thing to

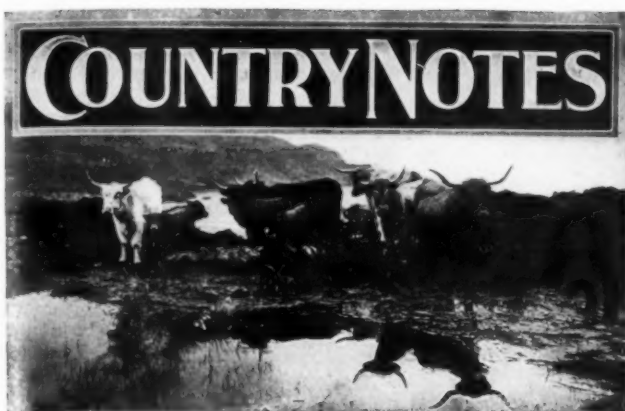
keep in mind is that they need water or moisture in some form to breed in. Where there is a little stream running past a garden, they find breeding-places in the tiny stagnant pools which are formed at the side. If water-butts or tanks for the collection of rain-water are left open, the insects in hot weather will breed in them by millions. In equatorial countries it has been found that where champagne bottles are used instead of tiles for a garden border, the hollow bottoms will collect rain-water during a thunderstorm, and in that way become breeding-places for mosquitoes. For this reason there is a regular drill in which they are emptied of water the first thing in the morning. These, then, give a clue to the precautions that should be taken for the prevention of this kind of annoyance. No water should be allowed to stand uncovered. If, in spite of precautions, the little plagues manage to make their presence felt, the cure of the wounds they inflict and the avoidance of them is by no means difficult. The best means of getting rid of the inflammation is a solution of borax, and by regularly sponging the body with other solutions it is possible to ward off attack. The choice of the solution must be a matter of personal taste, because as the substance to be used must be an essence or disinfectant, the scent that may be agreeable to the person may be obnoxious to another. For example, some people actually love the smell of tar, and in the manufacture of a large number of disinfectants tar is the chief material used. Others, again, do not like this odour, and, luckily, there is no necessity for them to endure it. A correspondent who has been a great deal in India says that his system of keeping free from midges, mosquitoes and so on is to use fairly strong scents, such as oil of violets. The use of a coal-tar product is perhaps the more wholesome if it be not disagreeable.

In regard to the housefly, of course, very different measures are to be taken, because the attack is of a different kind. The housefly breeds in manure and dung, and feeds very readily on milk and other common articles of human consumption. The danger arises from the fact that it frequently conveys the germs of disease from the filth amid which it breeds to human food. The weapon with which it should be fought is cleanliness. The problem is easily stated, but not so easily solved in the average country house. The gardener must have his manure heap if his plants are to grow, and the farmer is equally in need of his. In comparatively few cases is it practicable to remove these heaps to a safe distance. An experimentalist has shown that from a distance of five hundred yards marked flies have made their way from the manure heap to the kitchen in the course of a few minutes. Obviously, then, the manure heap must be dealt with in some way to make it impossible that the flies should breed there. It may either be covered up or mixed with some of the chemicals that are also used as manure, so that the expense may be a remunerative one. In the house the flies can only be kept down by the constant clearing away of dirt. No doubt that will be accomplished in time; but at present people have not been educated to do it. They regard houseflies as being part of the natural order of things—nuisances to be tolerated because you cannot get rid of them. We have only to remember that a century ago other insects, whose appearance would be regarded as scandalous in a house of to-day, were just as common, and were also regarded as irremovable. The housekeeper of the future who has a high standard of cleanliness will feel ashamed at the discovery of a housefly within her domain. We have, however, a long way to travel before the attainment of that ideal, though perhaps we are approaching it by indirect methods. The new Milk Bill, for instance, insisting as it does upon regulations to ensure cleanliness and to discourage the growth of microbes, must bring home to many a dairy-farmer who has not previously given his mind to the subject, the great advantage, indeed, the necessity, of maintaining conditions of absolute cleanliness in order to be able to sell a pure product. When he has thoroughly mastered the art of saving his milk from contamination, he may be expected to go on to the destruction of the housefly and the clearing away of all places that offer it facilities for breeding.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Joan Mulholland, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strafford, who married the Hon. Andrew Mulholland, the eldest son of Lord Dunleath, on Tuesday last.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such request is received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE has honoured the Exhibition of British Deer Heads to be held at the Royal Water Colour Society's Gallery, from June 26th to July 3rd, by lending the head of a royal which he killed in 1905. Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal also has graciously consented to send two heads killed at Mar, a thirteen-pointer and a royal. These are certain to arouse great interest. The Earl of Portsmouth has generously allowed the famous royal killed at Guisachan in 1880 to be shown. This magnificent head is one of the finest wild red deer killed in recent times, and as comparatively few stalkers have ever had an opportunity of seeing it, Lord Portsmouth's generosity will be appreciated by all who take an interest in the sport. Without committing ourselves to a definite statement, we believe that, with the exception of, possibly, six, the heads of every red deer of any note killed in Scotland will be present at the Exhibition.

We take the greatest pleasure in making the announcement that Mr. E. V. Lucas appears to have been mistaken when he wrote, in a letter which has aroused very great attention, that there was in contemplation a scheme to mutilate Stopham Bridge. There is never smoke without fire, and probably Mr. Lucas was misled by the irresponsible rumours of those who desired to make an alteration. At any rate, to get to the bottom of the matter, we wrote to the County Surveyor, and received the following reply from him:

COUNTY SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, HORSHAM.

June 7th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your favour together with last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE containing a letter relating to an alleged alteration of Stopham Bridge, and in reply I can say that this Bridge is a County Bridge and under the direct control of the County Council, and there is no scheme contemplated for carrying out any alteration in the structure of same.—Yours faithfully,

H. W. BOWEN, County Surveyor.

This is very satisfactory; but the letters we have published are bound to have the good effect of showing the storm of indignation with which any attempt to interfere with this precious heirloom would be met. It is well to remember this, since other bridges are menaced owing to the requirements of the heavier traffic of to-day.

Lord Lonsdale presided once again on "Oaks" night last week, at the Savoy, on the occasion of the annual dinner of the Shikar Club, at which some seventy big-game hunters and their friends were present. The acceptances included Lord Basing, Count Blucher, Lord Cranworth, Lord Elphinstone, Count Hoyos, Sir Hill Child, Sir Henry Lennard, Sir Edmund Loder, Sir Henry Seton Karr, Sir Peter Walker, Messrs. C. W. L. Bulpett, H. A. Bryden, Colonel the Hon. W. E. Cavendish, Captain the Hon. J. S. Coke, Major Colville, D.S.O., A. Radclyffe Dugmore, C. B. Fairfax, Neville Flower, A. C. Gathorne-Hardy, Captain Gilliat, D.S.O., P. K. Glazebrook, M.P., Captain Greenfield, I. M. Hanbury, Arnold Hodson, Major Horsburgh, St. George Littledale, Colonel Lumsden, C.B., J. G. Millais, W. Murray, Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson, D.S.O., Arnold Pike, C. V. A. Peel, H. Hesketh Prichard, Colonel Delmé Radclyffe, C.M.G., M.V.O., Captain C. E. Radclyffe, Percy Radclyffe, Captain Sartorius, A. H. Straker, H. Burton Tate, J. Turner Turner, Frank Wallace, Captain R. D. Waterhouse, etc. This club is now an established success, numbering some two hundred and fifty members. Hitherto it has maintained existence chiefly as a band of brother-sportsmen who are delighted to meet together once a year, on Oaks night, to shake one another by the hand, dine pleasantly and compare notes. Many members have craved some kind of headquarters, and Lord Lonsdale and the energetic hon. secretary, Captain Radclyffe, were able to announce that they are on the point of securing premises in the West End, where

members and their friends may find a convenient, if modest, *pied-à-terre*. Here it is hoped a library of books on travel and sport may be got together, as well as a fair number of big-game trophies. The Shikar Club is now quite a British institution, and we are glad to hear it is strong enough to make unto itself a permanent home.

A career that opened with great brilliance was brought to a saddening close on Monday by the sudden death of Mr. George Wyndham. He possessed one of those versatile minds which occur very rarely in politics. He did many things and everything well. In Egypt he showed himself a competent soldier, and to the last had a keen interest in military matters, and particularly in measures for the defence of the country. As a constructive statesman he won his spurs while Secretary for Ireland, and his name is included among those of the few English statesmen who are held in honour and respect by the very poor peasantry in the West of Ireland. He was also a distinguished man of letters, with an uncommon knowledge of French literature, which he owed perhaps in part to his ancestry—he was descended on his mother's side from Pamela, widow of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and daughter of the celebrated Madame de Genlis. His translations from the *Pléiade* and other early French verse were as light and graceful as the original. More than anywhere else he shone as an after-dinner orator. There was no one in public life who, on such occasions, could be wittier and more amusing. What he might have done in the future is now a matter of speculation only. His friends expected much of him, and probably they would not have been disappointed.

CHALLENGE.

You fools behind the panes who peer

At the strong black anger of the sky,
Come out and feel the storm swing by,

Ay, take its blow on your lips, and hear
The wind in the branches cry.

No. Leave us to the day's device,

Draw to your blinds and take your ease,
Grow peak'd in the face and crook'd in the knees;
Your sinews could not pay the price
When the storm goes through the trees.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Among those who speak with authority about Canada, there is none who possesses more weight than Sir Edmund Walker, and his speech at the luncheon given to him by the Royal Colonial Institute is deserving of the most careful consideration. It is something to know that so shrewd a thinker should be absolutely confident in the financial soundness of Canada. The immediate business of the Dominion he described in a telling phrase as that of "harnessing the country for the continually increasing population." Those who seek homes across the Atlantic require houses, roads, bridges, railways, etc., and they cannot give adequate attention to the development of the country till these adjuncts of civilised life and work are provided. But when doing this they are consumers rather than producers, and therefore tend to lower instead of increasing the export of food. Sir Edmund Walker thinks it will be a considerable time before this work overtakes the needs of the population. The only check to activity in Canada he pointed out is that of speculation in real estate—"a thing not to be regretted."

Opinion about the vacant Laureateship appears to be steadily veering round towards the conviction that the post should be abolished. Its history is a variegated one. Very often a great unlaurelled poet has been a contemporary of a very undistinguished Poet Laureate. The post never, even at its best, had much significance, and what it had has now passed away. Verses made to order seldom can have the spontaneity of those which have been determined by the writer's own choice. Even the courtly Tennyson, though he did rise to the occasion very notably once or twice, and especially on the death of the Duke of Wellington, produced as near an approach to commonplace as he was capable of in many of those efforts which were made because his position demanded that something should come from his pen. Birthdays and other notable dates might as well go uncelebrated as be made the subject of prefunctory verse. Besides, the task of choosing a Laureate must always be an invidious one. Why should a Prime Minister be called upon to decide between popularity and real merit? Many a poet has a transient vogue without any claim to greatness, while real genius is very slowly revealed. If the Laureate were to be chosen because he was the best, then it would be

necessary to make the soundest literary critic Prime Minister, which, as Euclid says, is absurd,

In an important letter contributed to the *Times* of June 9th, Mr. Howard Frank makes the perfectly true and significant statement that "We are now in the position of having to compete with Canada, Australia and New Zealand for our own best agricultural labourers." So much is this to the point that farmers at this very moment are looking round in despair of finding an adequate number of hands for the heavy hay crop that is almost ready for cutting. But surely this offers a solution to the problem which Mr. Runciman was discussing the other night, namely, How can you increase the wages of the labourer? The Minister for Agriculture sees that to fix a minimum wage all over the country is impracticable; but there ought to be no need for it if the competition described by Mr. Frank continues. Wages were raised in Northumberland and Durham and Lancashire and Yorkshire by the mines and factories acting as rival attractions to agriculture. The Colonies are effectually performing the same office for other parts of the country.

Many forests are still in the hands of the same sportsman this season. Mr. Christie is at Glenkingie, and is lending some fine heads from this forest to the Exhibition. Mr. Frank Bibby is at Mamore, Mr. Walter Jones at Meoble, Sir John Stirling Maxwell at Corrour, Sir Edmund Loder at Dundonnell, Sir Arthur Bignold at Lochrosque, Captain Combe at Strathconan, Mr. R. Shoolbred at Wyvis, Mr. J. C. Williams at Strathvaich, Mr. Vernon Watney at Fannich, Lord Zetland at Letterewe and Sir W. Ogilvie Dalgleish at Conlin. All these gentlemen are lending heads, among them are some of the best killed during recent years. Lady Cromartie has allowed us to show two very fine royals killed at Rhidorroch in 1840 and 1860. Another beautiful head is a royal killed by the late Duke of Fife at Mar in 1900. The lower points are magnificent. Lord Durham has the Black Mount again this year; Lord Morton, Conaglen; Mr. Arthur James, Glenquoich; Mr. Bainbridge, Glenfinnan; Mr. Weir, Achnacarry; Mr. Malcolm, Cross Invergarry; while Mrs. Bradley Martin is keeping on Balmacalan and Abriachen. Although deer forests are letting well, the demand for good grouse moors is in excess of the supply; in fact one-thousand-brace moors could be let three or four times over.

Substantial evidence is given of the splendid rush of trade at the present moment by the Board of Trade Returns for June. It was feared in the preceding month that prosperity had touched its zenith, and that the time was coming when we would have to face the inevitable reaction. Apparently it is very far from setting in yet. The increase in the value of exports for June is £5,025,787, and of imports £6,211,288. The expansion of exports has taken place, not in food, drink, tobacco and raw materials, but in every class of manufactured exports except silk. Steel goods, cotton, machinery, new ships—all show a solid increase. The only depressing feature about the imports is that in spite of their general increase, there is a falling-off to the extent of £365,856 in the value of raw cotton imported.

It is for many years now that we have been urging in these columns the advantage that must accrue to a salmon river from the reasonable regulation and restriction of the netting at its mouth. The evidence of hard fact has at last been too strong for the illusion to endure that the death of the fish going up to spawn had no ill effect on the river's stock. From the Helmsdale in the North to the Wye in the South, witness is borne to the very important increase of fish to the rod and of rents to the owners of the rod-fishing, which is the result of controlling the netting. On one beat of the Wye one rod caught seventeen fish in a single day this spring. The value of all this evidence should be felt far beyond these and the other rivers from which it may be gathered. Of recent years the Devon Torridge has taken greatly higher rank as a salmon river, in consequence of the making of a pass in a weir above the salmon's first resting-place when they come into the fresh water; and if the riparian owners will only deal with the nets at the estuary of the Taw and Torridge as they have been dealt with on the Wye, it is practically certain that both would give very fine sport.

The representatives of the Women's Tax Resistance League laid a real grievance before the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Tuesday. It concerned the imposition of the Income Tax. At present the united income of husband and wife is the unit for taxation, and this leads to a considerable amount of injustice. Miss Lena Ashwell gave a striking example. For fifteen years she paid Income Tax on her earnings as an actress, and for some

years she paid Income Tax on the earnings of the Kingsway Theatre, which she managed in her own name. But this year, instead of the paper being sent to her, it was directed to her husband, Dr. H. J. F. Simpson, and in brackets "For Wife." It happens that his interests lie away from the theatre, of which he knows little, and surely it was a very reasonable claim on the part of the lady "either to be removed from the list of Income Tax payers or to be assessed as an individual, not as an appendage." Another of the complainants said her husband had actually been in prison for refusing to pay her Income Tax. Mr. Lloyd George, in his reply, did not contend that there was no anomaly or an injustice, but he pleaded that the remedy would involve his finding another million and a-half pounds per annum, and he did not know where to look for it. The law, in this instance, ignores women, or, as Mr. Lloyd George put it "the law treated married women as if they had no legal existence at all."

When the sun shines just now, the sound of the hay-cutter tells what will be the prime business of farmers for some time to come. The crop reporter of the Board of Trade, whose latest estimate is before us, says that "with very few exceptions all kinds of hay promise to be unusually large crops, especially seeds hay. The latter will probably yield quite 10 to 15 per cent. or more above the average, while meadow hay should also be 10 per cent. above the mean." This is probably a very fair statement of the case. In Middlesex, which is pre-eminently a hay-making country, in Herts, Essex and the other shires lying close to London, there is a finer crop of hay on the ground now than has been seen for many years. It only remains that favourable weather for gathering it should come. Every year, however, has its deficiency, and in this one the bad feature is the shortage of fruit and vegetables. In Kent it is said that this will be the worst fruit year for twenty-five years, and everywhere gardeners complain that the vast quantity of slugs which resulted from the mild winter and last season's moisture has devoured many of the seedlings that would otherwise have been available for the table. There is very great scarcity in many districts.

TO BILLFRITH THE ANCHORITE.

Ancient Artificer, beside the wave
In a rude wattled hut who wroughtst with gold,
A casket which with gems thou didst engrave,
A pious offering men can still behold.
Perchance near thee, a monk with patient eye
And eager heart spelt out the holy word
That taught them how to live and how to die,
Whilst at their feet the sea sobbed on unheard.
Ah! blessed saints, who toiled and wrote and strived
In that far isle with lonely seas begirt
When roamed the land a pagan race unshriven
Jeering and bloodstained tribes they would convert.
Dark Lindisfarne, thy rugged rock and shrine
Once drew across the bay my dreams to Thine!

In Danzig they are dealing with the thistle plague in a drastic manner, which might very well be adopted in this country. We learn from a foreign correspondent that a police order has been published in a Danzig paper warning those concerned that all thistles in fields and gardens must be uprooted by the end of July, punishment for non-compliance with the order being a fine equal to £7 10s. or imprisonment. The sense and justice of this measure, of course, lies in the fact that of all weeds the thistle spreads most readily over the lands of a neighbour. Poets have sung the beauty of thistledown blown by the summer wind like clouds of white butterflies; but the farmer, who knows that the result will be a vigorous crop of young weeds among his next year's corn, takes a practical rather than a poetical view of the situation. He knows that a careless and slovenly neighbour may take a lot of hard-earned money out of his pocket.

Whatever his political leanings, a man would be a very prejudiced Conservative if he could not laugh at the cartoons which Sir F. Carruthers Gould contributes to the *Westminster Gazette*. He is showing a collection of them at Walker's Gallery, 188, New Bond Street, this week, and it is well worth a visit. We make this recommendation to our readers for a special reason. In addition to being a most observant, clear-thinking and witty political cartoonist, "F. C. G." is a student of natural history of no mean order, as witness the little things which from time to time he has contributed to our own pages. His knowledge of natural history comes out very strongly in his political work.

The experiments, so far as tried, of beginning three-day cricket matches on the Friday or Saturday instead of the Monday have been quite successful enough to warrant some further trials in that direction. At the Oval they have had encouraging attendance and "gates." Of course, one quite sees where the hardship of it is going to come in for some of the players. It is the travelling that is to be the difficulty if the Saturday commencements come into general vogue. When there was the Sunday intervening between the one match and the other, as a matter of course, with perhaps a large slice of the Saturday to be added to it, as a holiday, if the previous match was concluded early, then all those hours were available

for a short visit to the home and a leisurely travel from the scene of one match to that of another. Now the Sabbath will be spent, perforce, in the neighbourhood of the ground in which play began on the Saturday. Still, modern county cricket is so essentially dependent on the spectators, and the spectators are so much more ready to come on a Saturday to see the commencement of a match than its uninteresting and perhaps incomplete termination, that it is possible that the change may be the means of saving some county clubs from their impending financial ruin; and if that be so, the players will surely be ready to put up with a little harder work in the way of railway travelling.

IN THE ROW.

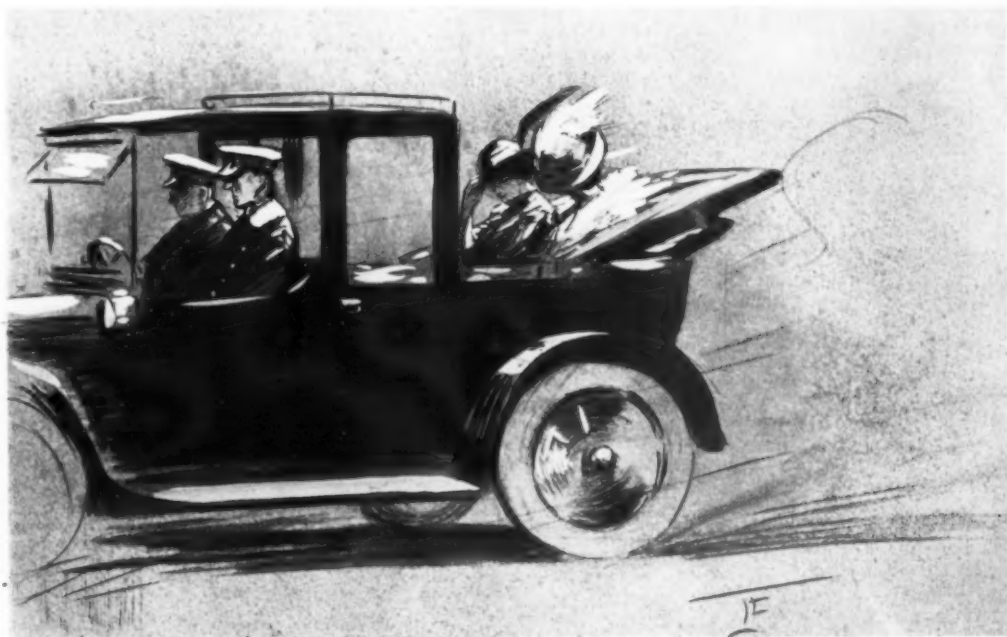


AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

At one time it appeared as though horses were about to disappear from the Row, driven out by the motor.

The observant cynic was not afraid to cast some doubt upon this proposition, for with his usual commonsense he argued that splendid and increasing as the uses are to which the motor may be put, going in procession is not one of them, whether that procession be formal or that of a fashionable resort. The advantage of the motor over any other sort of vehicle lies in the speed and comfort with which it can get over long or short distances; but for merely taking the air in, and when all is said and done, that is at least the ostensible object in the Row, it is not at all suitable. Riding will always be preferred by the young, and even by those elders who have long been accustomed to it. It is so much more interesting and so much more attractive. Either a man or a woman seated on a fine horse is seen to more advantage than in

any other form of recreation; at least, that is an opinion formed after watching nearly every kind of open-air exercise



THE VEHICLE OF THE OPEN ROAD.

It is also healthier, because the mind of the rider is just agreeably occupied in controlling the steed. The motor may be allowed a thousand advantages over the horse, but its greatest admirers must admit that it is a dead thing, worked by levers and wheels and other mechanism. There cannot be, between it and the occupants that curious sympathy which a good horse-man or horsewoman establishes between

want carriage horses find increasing difficulty in obtaining them, the demand for a time dropping so low that many breeders came to the conclusion that it was not worth while to go on with the production of carriage horses.



THE ELDER

himself and his mount. True, the motor never makes a mistake. If it is properly guided it will go exactly at the pace which is wanted, stop and turn when required and otherwise act in a perfectly automatic manner. If it fails to do this, this is never from its own volition, but from that of the driver. A horse, as some of us know to our cost, is constructed in a very different way. It has a mind, inclinations, passions, irritations, habits, peculiarities of its own. Those skilled in its management can generally produce the results they require almost as generally as if they were driving a machine; but even in their case there are moments when this control is lost—the horse has an excess of good spirits and becomes frisky; it is depressed and will not move with any freedom; it has been irritated by a groom and cannot recover equanimity at once, even under the most sympathetic hands; or a thousand other things may have occurred which make a call upon the skill and understanding of the rider. He does not dislike them, because a great deal of the pleasure which a horse gives arises from these temperamental incidents. In the Row it is safe to say that far more pleasure is obtained by riding a horse than by sitting in a motor. People are coming to recognise that fact, and the feature of the moment is an increase in horses and carriages and a decrease in the number of motors. Curiously enough, this is exactly the reverse of what has taken place throughout the country. The motor, with the million uses to which it can be put, grows more popular daily, and roads are thronged with it. One consequence is that those who



AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

Even the job-master finds that to be the case in the country. There is scarcely a week passes without some well-known posting house selling its stock. As a rule, this does not mean at all that the owner is not flourishing. He has probably acquired a few motors and is able to make a larger income out of them than he could out of his horses. This all means a diminishing supply, because the mares used for breeding on a commercial basis belonged in most instances to this class of person or to one of his various allies. Thus it would be of very great benefit to the nation if fashion would turn even more decidedly than it has already done from promenading in motors to riding on horseback or in carriages.



HACKNEYS.



DISTINGUISHED EQUESTRIANS.

THE NATURALIST AT THE SEASHORE.

By G. A. AND C. L. BOULENGER.

II.—FISHES.

IN endeavouring to help the rambler on the seashore to learn some-

thing about the innumerable "curiosities" which come across his path on the beach, or reward his search in the rock-pools or among the beds of seaweed uncovered at low tide, we will fancy ourselves at some spot on the South-west Coast, Devonshire or Cornwall, or on the opposite side of the Channel, where rocky cliffs, interrupted by sandy beaches, offer the best opportunities to the naturalist. We

shall only deal with some small fishes commonly found under such conditions. The larger fishes which give joy to the angler, or which are brought on the market, will be entirely left out, as, being edible, they are far better known. We must,

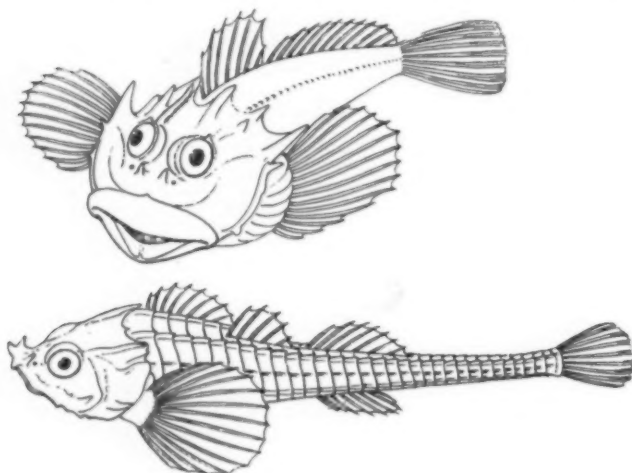


STRIPED WRASSE, MALE AND FEMALE.

exceed a length of nine inches; the male is blue and yellow or orange with interrupted pale blue streaks, while the female lacks the blue colour, but has two to four black or blackish spots on the back at the base of the dorsal fin and on the caudal peduncle. The Goldsinny (*L. melops*) is distinguished by a dark, red or blue spot on the side of the head behind the eye, a black spot on the caudal peduncle, and the reddish or green body is ornamented with vermicular red, purplish or dark brown stripes or longitudinal series of spots.

It is impossible to convey in a few words an idea of the extraordinary range of colour-variation which obtains in these fishes, even on the same individual according to its surroundings. The Rock-cod (*Centrolabrus exoletus*) is a rarer and smaller fish, only four or five inches long, reddish brown or orange in colour, with pale blue lines on the sides of the head. The habit Wrasse have of sleeping, lying down on one side, is well known, and has often been witnessed in aquariums, especially at night. These fishes build nests for the protection of their eggs and the minute fry that issue from them; the nests are made of seaweeds, zoophytes, corals, broken shells, etc., and are found in spring and early summer in crevices of rock, both the male and the female taking part in their construction and later in watching over their progeny. The food of Wrasse consists chiefly of crustaceans and molluscs, fragments of the shells of which are often found in their stomachs.

The Fifteen-spined Stickleback (*Gasterosteus spinachia*) is also in the habit of making nests which are, in this case, the

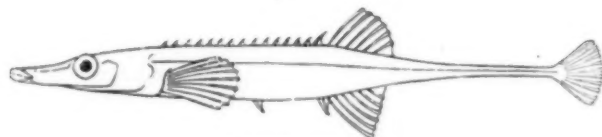
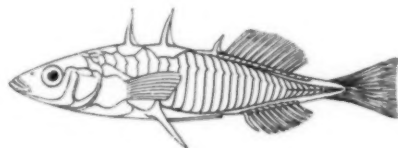


BULL-HEADS.

(*Cottus bubalis* and *Agonus cataphractus*).

however, make an exception for the Wrasse, as being so intimately associated with tidal rocks covered with seaweeds.

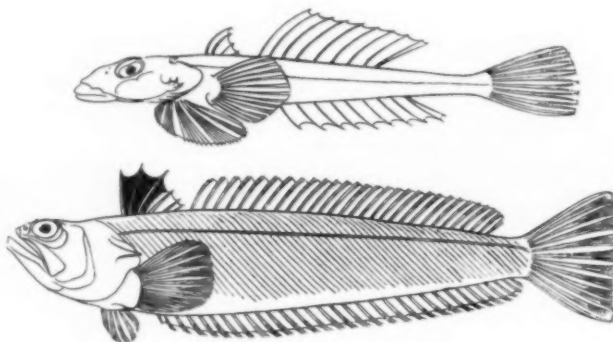
The Wrasse, although not appreciated as food-fishes, afford amusement to the novice angler at the seaside, owing to their abundance about weed-covered rocks and the readiness with which they take a bait. They are often brilliantly coloured, and in some the differences in colour and markings between the two sexes are so great as to cause them to be commonly looked upon as distinct species. The species occurring on our coasts are referred to two genera—*Labrus*, with three spines in the anal fin, and *Centrolabrus*, with four or five. The largest of our British Wrasse is the Ballan Wrasse (*Labrus maculatus*), growing to nearly two feet, a very handsomely-coloured fish when adult. The young are uniform green or olive, sometimes yellow on the belly, but larger specimens are ornamented with whitish or orange spots on the body, separated by a network of the olive ground colour, and orange streaks on the head; some are orange or brick-red above. The Striped Wrasse (*L. mixtus*) is also a handsome fish, but does not



STICKLEBACKS.

work of the male alone. The nest, six to ten inches in length, is elegantly constructed of seaweed interwoven by threads secreted by the kidneys, and hangs suspended, usually from the frond of a wrack or fucus, in a sheltered rock-pool between tide-marks. When the nest is finished, in May or June, the male entices the female to enter it to deposit her eggs, which

are zealously watched over by the devoted father, ever ready to defend the nest and to prevent the young from escaping while still too feeble to shift for themselves. The eggs of this Stickleback are, in proportion to the adult, the largest produced by any of our bony fishes, measuring nearly one-eighth of an inch in diameter. The smaller Three-spined Stickleback (*G. aculeatus*), so common in many of our ponds and streams, is also occasionally found in the sea, near estuaries, and in brackish lagoons; it is a

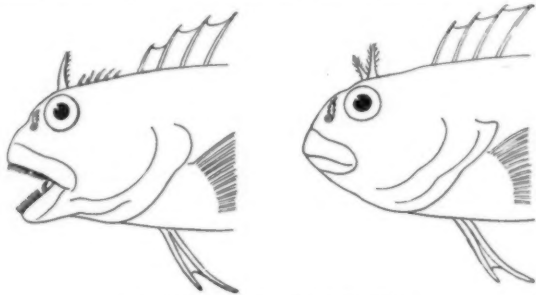


FEMALE DRAGONET AND GREATER WEEVER.

noteworthy fact that this lively and pugnacious little fish can be transferred suddenly from fresh to salt water without appearing in the least inconvenienced.

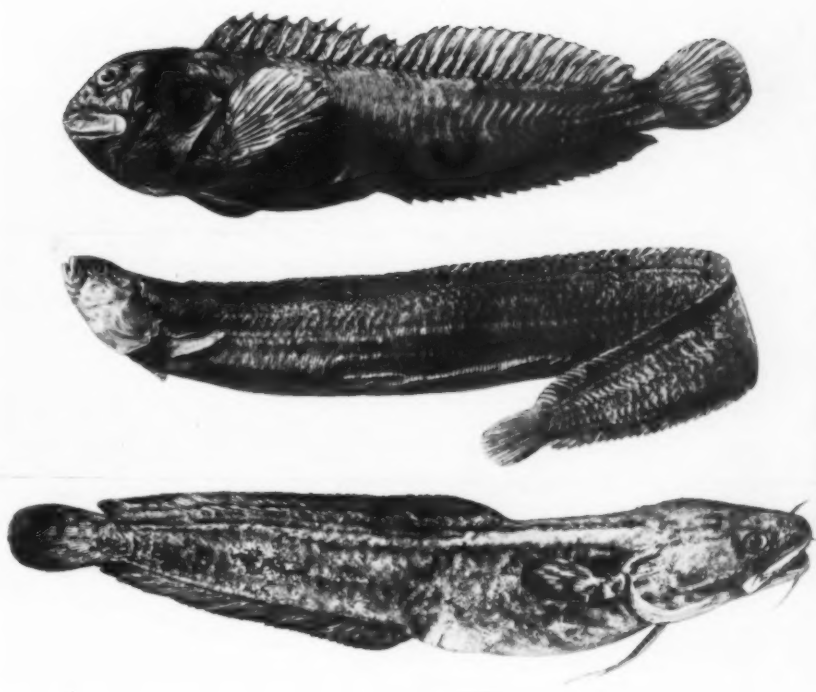
The Bull-head, Sea-scorpion or Father-lasher (*Cottus scorpius*) is a near relative of our fresh-water Miller's thumb (*C. gobio*), but grows to a much larger size, females up to nine inches. A second species occurs on our coasts (*C. bubalis*), distinguished by the presence of a series of small spinose scales along the side of the body. The male of the Bull-heads, characterised by a long anal papilla, measures only five inches. These fishes, of unprepossessing appearance, are usually found on beds of *zostera* (sea-grass) or *ulva* (sea-lettuce), sometimes in rock-pools. The red or orange eggs are attached to the lower surface of stones among the weeds, rarely to the weeds themselves, and form a lump varying in size from that of a pigeon's egg to that of a man's fist. The bold and irascible male remains in the neighbourhood of the eggs, ready to defend them against intruders. The Pogge or Armed Bull-head (*Agonus cataphractus*) is easily distinguished from the above by its bony cuirass, measures only four or five inches, and often occurs in brackish water. The eggs have been found attached to the roots of *laminaria* or tangle, and resemble those of the *Cottus* in colour, but they are much smaller, forming clumps of the size of a sparrow's egg.

A beautiful and curious fish is the male Dragonet (*Callionymus lyra*), which in the full-grown, breeding condition is decorated with yellow and blue longitudinal bands. Inversely to the Bull-heads the female remains smaller than the male, which grows to nine inches. The first dorsal fin is



HEADS OF BLENNIES.
(*Blennius gallerita* and *gattorugine*).

much produced in the adult male, which is further distinguished by a long anal papilla. The female and the young are pale brown, yellowish or reddish brown, barred and mottled with darker, harmonising with the sandy or pebbly bottom on which they rest. The young are often found in shallow pools at low tide, partly buried in the sand, and difficult to detect when they



SHANNY. BUTTERFISH. THREE-BEARDED ROCKLING.

remain still; if disturbed, a few wriggling movements will soon cause them to disappear completely under the sand. The adult usually dwell in deeper water, where they breed at the end of winter, the operation being preceded by a lengthy courtship. The eggs are pelagic, that is to say, float at random in the sea, and *Callionymus* is the only exception known to the rule for fishes laying such eggs to show no marked differences in form or colour according to the sexes.

With the Weevers (*Trachinus*), which are somewhat related to the Dragonet, we have to deal with very dangerous fishes, provided with poison organs at the base of the spines which arm their gill-covers and form the anterior dorsal fin. Partly buried in the sand in low water, they are often trodden upon by people bathing, with serious results, as mentioned in an article on "Poisonous Fishes," published a short time ago in *COUNTRY LIFE* (October, 1910, page 617). The name Weever is probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Wivere" (serpent), like the heraldic dragon or Wivern. Two species are found on our coasts, the Greater Weever (*T. draco*) and the Lesser (*T. vipera*). The former grows to a length of eighteen inches, and has a small spine above the eye; the latter does not exceed eight inches, and lacks the said spine. In both the eyes are directed upwards, and the first dorsal fin is black in front, or entirely black, and is regarded as a danger-signal when erected (warning coloration).

The Rocklings (*Onus* or *Motella*) are members of the Cod family; young specimens are of common occurrence in tide pools. They are easily distinguished from all other fishes of our coasts in having three or five feelers or barbels, two or four on the snout and one on the chin; they have two dorsal fins, the first feebly developed and lying in a groove, the second very long. The two species, the Three-bearded Rockling (*O. tricirratu*) and the Five-bearded (*O. mustela*) can be identified by the number of barbels, as their names imply. The former grows to a length of eighteen inches, the latter rarely exceeds ten inches. They are mostly found among *zostera* and *fucus*. The eggs are buoyant, like those of the Dragonets and Weevers.

The Blennies (*Blennius*) are the commonest denizens of the rock-pools. The four best known are the Shanny (*B. pholis*), without appendages on the head; Montagu's Blenny (*B. gallerita*), with a fringed crest on the middle of the head between the eyes, followed by a fringe of hair-like filaments; the



GOBIES.
(*Gobius capito*, *G. paganellus*, *G. microps*).

Tompot (*B. gattorugine*), with a fringed appendage above each eye, not much longer than the latter; and the Butterfly Blenny (*B. ocellaris*), with a longer fringed appendage above the eye, the anterior rays of the dorsal fin much longer than the others, and a blackish ocellar spot on the anterior part of the dorsal fin. The length of our Blennies is from four to six inches. The dentition is often remarkable for the presence of a large canine tooth on each side, denoting predaceous habits; the Shanny, in which these canines are strongly developed, is said to be an expert at detaching molluscs, such as mussels and limpets, from the rocks. Blennies are very active creatures, and when stranded have no difficulty in making their way back to the water, leaping and wriggling on sand or gravel. They can live for hours out of water among damp seaweed. The Shanny may be kept for a long time in a small aquarium provided with an island of stone or rockwork, on which it will sometimes rest, completely out of the water. The amber-coloured eggs are deposited in a single layer under stones, sometimes in whelk-shells, and are vigilantly guarded by the male, who carries away in his mouth anything that might interfere with the circulation of the water around them, and, by movements of his pectoral and caudal fins, produces currents for their better aeration.

The Viviparous Blenny (*Zoarces viviparus*), of elongate shape and with a series of dark spots along the base of the dorsal fin, is a more northern fish, rarely met with in the Western part of the Channel, and occurring only on sandy coasts. As its name implies, it is remarkable in producing its young alive, about two hundred in number, at a comparatively advanced state of development, measuring one and a-half to two inches, the adult growing to a length of twenty inches. Like the preceding, the Gunnel or Butterfish (*Pholis gunellus*) is of elongate shape, and the orange or pale brown body is compressed and bears a series of ten to thirteen black, white-edged ocellar spots disposed along the dorsal fin. The young has the dorsal and anal fins barred with black. Eight inches is the greatest length reached by this fish, which is quite common under stones, among fucus. The white eggs form an oval ball, about the size of a large nut, and are laid in January or February; the female protects them by coiling herself round the ball, and in this the male occasionally assists, the two parents sometimes taking up the duty in turns.

The Gobies (*Gobius*) are small or very small fishes with the ventral fins united into one, forming a sort of sucker. Several species occur on our shores. The commonest are the Sand Gobies, *G. minutus* and *G. microps*, sand-coloured, only two or three inches long, darting away in sand-pools; the equally small Spotted Goby (*G. ruthensparri*), varying in colour from yellowish brown to almost green, with large pale spots on the back and a black blotch at the base of the caudal fin, found among weeds; the Rock Goby (*G. paganellus*), growing to nearly five inches, greyish or yellowish brown to dark purplish brown, with a yellow or whitish band along the top of the first dorsal fin, common in rock-pools; and the so-called Black Goby (*G. niger*), similar to the preceding in size and coloration, but without the light band on the dorsal fin, and found mostly in estuaries. The Giant Goby (*G. capito*), attaining a length of ten inches, with the eyes wide apart, is not uncommon on the North Coast of Brittany, and occurs locally between Polperro and Falmouth, in oyster ponds and rock-pools, often in places reached only by spring tides. In this genus, the male, often more brilliantly coloured than the female, and distinguished by a long and pointed anal papilla, mounts guard over the eggs, which are fixed in single layers to the under surface of stones or weeds, or in a sort of nest built and kept in constant repair by him. The nest of the Sand-Gobies is usually made of the shell of a limpet or a bivalve, or of the empty carapace of a crab, with the convexity turned upwards and covered with sand; the sand underneath is hollowed out and a round opening at the side, coated with a mucus secreted by the skin of the male fish, gives access to the interior; the eggs, which are elongate and pyriform, are stuck to the inner surface of the roof. The breeding season lasts throughout spring and summer.

SOME MAY WEEK IMPRESSIONS

THE festival of the May Week at Cambridge may be written of either in the past or in the present tense. In the past tense must be chronicled the varying and temporarily notable details of a particular week: Jesus kept their place at the head of the river. Third Trinity bumped First, "Cats," rich in the unexampled splendour of three cricket "blues," gave a concert. Downing rose to a ball. In the present tense may be more easily described the May Week as an institution, because, broadly speaking, the same pleasant series of events happens over and over again year after year.

These events take on a different colour and importance according to the eyes that look at them. The May Week may be divided, if one may so express it, into highways and by-ways. The highways belong to the undergraduate of to-day. He rows boat-loads of visitors down to the races. For him female cousins in gay summer frocks flutter through immemorial courts and up grimy staircases; his are the dances and the lunches and the tea-parties. The decrepit master of arts who comes back to the May Week after an absence may choose rather to lurk in the by-ways; he has no boat that he venomously desires to bump, no one with whom he passionately desires to dance. He is content to look on philosophically, murmuring to himself:

"When within my veins the blood ran,
And the curls were on my brow,
I did, oh ye undergraduates,
Much as ye are doing now."

He may like to renew his acquaintance—or even, more shame to him, make it for the first time—with the Old Court at Corpus, or the Gate of Honour and the Gate of Wisdom. Instead of toiling down the river in a heavily laden tub, he may prefer to paddle placidly up the river in a Canadian canoe. It is doubtful whether anything becomes Cambridge so well as the leaving of it—up the river. Among the memories of many May Week parties, none is quite so fragrant as that of a certain annual picnic in canoes. Scarcely have you started in a long procession of canoes, burdened with luncheon baskets, when you find yourself in most appropriately called "Paradise," where the trees on either bank form a network of branches over your head. Then come the bathing-sheds, where the bathers on the bank fly hastily to shelter and the more decorous of boat-loads pass by, discreetly sheltered by a forest of parasols. Then on again along the narrow, winding stream with willows to right and left and the spires of Cambridge still looking irritatingly close to you, so that you wonder how you have grown so hot and hurt the small of your back so much and yet achieved so trifling a distance.

Grantchester comes at last, and then Grantchester Mill, and here some hard work is necessary, for the canoes have to be dragged overland and launched again. After this Cambridge grows sensibly further off, and the river, which presently divides into two branches, wonderfully quiet and solitary. Soon there comes a certain meadow on the right-hand bank and lunch, with many baskets of cherries and agreeable bottles, made cool by a temporary immersion from the river bank. After lunch there is a variety of amusements. Some retire to a secluded corner to bathe, and afterwards dry themselves in the sunshine with such aid as a pocket-handkerchief can afford; others have wild races, standing up in their canoes at the imminent risk of upsetting; others stay by the remains of the luncheon in a deliciously comatose condition. Finally, there is a second meal, scarcely differing from the first, save in the courtesy title of tea, and then home again very gently, with many intervals of lazy and serene drifting, in time for dinner, and, as regards the more energetic, for dancing. This is the most agreeable of all May Week expeditions, but it does not do away with the necessity for that more toilsome and obvious one to the races. For, after all, when you have got there, and before you have begun to think of the horrid struggle of getting back, what can be more charming than Ditton Corner on a fine, sunshiny, crowded day? On one side are many boats penned to the bank by a waving array of oars; on the other, where the tow-path is, is a shifting vision of many colours. These are bright, staring, post-impressionist colours—the red blazers of the Johnnians, the yellow caps of Clare, that used surely once to be black and yellow, and a great deal prettier; there is the sombre, almost dingy, blue of First Trinity; the black and white check of Trinity Hall, ugly, and yet eminently workmanlike as befitting a College that was head of the river for unnumbered years. There are also more subtle colours, which figure on the race-card as "indigo and French grey" or "magenta and black," as to which it is sometimes difficult to withstand too searching cross-examination. A bump again, is always a dramatic sight—the hunter gradually overlapping the hunted, then the swirl of the water and the uplifted arm of the vanquished coxswain, that is, the throwing up of the sponge. Occasionally it is almost too tragic; when on one night last week the quarry, through the skilful manœuvres of the steerer, had almost eluded pursuit only for stroke to catch a fatal and stupendous crab beneath the railway bridge, the onlooker could have found it in his heart to weep.

The May Week, too, has this mournful side to it, that for many people it marks the ending of a third year and of many joyful things that can never happen again. But the tumult and shouting and excitement make probably the best end, and help to tide over the parting for those who go down each year from Cambridge into a duller world beyond.

R. D.

NOTWITHSTANDING

by Mary
Cholmondeley.



CHAPTER XXXI.

THE following morning saw Janey and Roger sitting opposite each other once more, but this time in his office room, staring blankly at each other. In spite of her invariably quiet demeanour she was trembling a little.

"I am afraid you *must* believe it, Roger."

"Good Lord!" was all Roger could say, evidently not for the first time.

There was a long silence. "When did she tell you?"

"This morning, after breakfast. She and Harry came in together when I was writing letters, hand-in-hand as if they were in a novel, and she said they had been married three months."

"Three months!"

"Yes."

"Why, they must have been married in June."

"Yes."

"Good Lord!"

Janey told him how they had been married at Ipswich at a Registry Office. "Her brother, who is a solicitor, was one of the witnesses. She showed me a copy of the certificate. She seems to have been very—methodical."

"It won't hold. Poor Harry is a loony."

"I hinted that, but she only smiled. I think she must have gone thoroughly into that before she took any step. And then she looked at him and he said, like a parrot, that it was time he took his proper place in the world, and managed his own affairs."

"I never in my life heard such cheek."

"After a bit I sent away Harry. He looked at her first before he obeyed, and she signed to him to go. She has got absolute control over him. And I tried to talk to her. She was very hard and bitter at first, and twitted me with having to put up with her as a sister-in-law. But I could not help being sorry for her. She was ashamed, I'm sure, of what she'd done, though she tried to carry it off with a high hand. She's not altogether a bad woman."

"Isn't she? Well, she's near enough to satisfy me. I don't know what you call bad if kidnapping that poor softy isn't. But the marriage can't hold. It's ridiculous."

"She says it will, and I think she'll prove to be right. She is a shrewd woman, and after all Harry is twenty-three. Besides, Mother's always stuck to it that he was only backward, and she got together medical evidence to attest her view. Mother has always wanted to guard against Harry being passed over."

"Dick could leave the property to anyone he liked. It wasn't entailed. He was perfectly free to leave it to Jones if he wanted to. Poor Jones. He's down with gout at the Lion. He's not been left a shilling."

"Yes. But Mother foresaw that he might never get a will made. He never could get anything done. And I am afraid, Roger, that if Dick *had* made a will, Mother would have got hold of it if she could."

"Janey!" said Roger, deeply shocked. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Oh, yes I do. I feel sure if poor Dick had made a will Aunt Jane and Mother between them would have—"

"Would have what?"

"Would have destroyed it."

"You simply don't know what you're saying. No one destroys a will. It's a very serious crime, punishable by law. And you are accusing your own mother of it."

"Mother has done some strange things in her time," said Janey firmly. "It's no good talking about it or thinking about it, but Jones told me that when she went to Paris last autumn she looked through all Dick's papers, and went to see his lawyer."

"I went to see him too, and he told me she had been, and had been very insistent that Dick had made a will and left it in his charge, and said that he wanted to make some alteration in it."

"Last autumn! But Dick was not capable then of wishing anything."

"Last autumn, I tell you, since his illness."

They both looked at each other.

"Well, it's no use thinking of that at this moment," said Janey.

"The question is what is to be done about nurse."

"Pay her up, and pack her off at once."

"She's gone already. She said it was best that she should go. I've telegraphed for another. But she'll come back as Harry's legal wife, Roger, I do believe."

"This medical evidence in Harry's favour. Where does Aunt Louisa keep it?"

"In her secretaire."

She made me get it out, and read it to her since her last visit to Paris. I could not bear to look at it. It was all so false. And I know she showed it to nurse. It was after that nurse worked so hard to make Harry more amenable, more like other people. She slaved with him. I believe she was quite disinterested at first."

"She has certainly done him a lot of good."

"And he's fond of her. He's frightened of her, but he likes her better than anyone, much better than me. Before she left she told every servant in the house, and the men in the garden. At least she took Harry round with her and made him say to each one of them: 'This is my wife.' The whole village knows by now. And she has taken the medical evidence about him. She made no secret of it. She said she sent it yesterday to her brother."

"She stole it, in fact."

"She said that as his wife she thought she ought to put it in safe keeping. I told her she need not have been afraid that we should destroy it. She said she knew that, but that those who deceived others never could trust anyone else. Roger, she has done a very wicked and shameless thing, but I think she is suffering for it. And I believe, in spite of herself, she had a kind of devotion for Mother. She had done so much for her. She never spared herself. She felt leaving her."

"Did she ask about the will?"

"No. I think there was a general feeling of surprise that the will was not read after the funeral."

"Well, my good girl, how could we, when we couldn't find one?"

"I know, I know. But what I mean is, it must soon be known that no will is forthcoming."

"Of course, it is bound to come out before long."

"Have you asked Pike and Ditton, Dick's London men?"

"Yes. I wrote to them days ago. They know of nothing. There is no will, Janey. We have got to make up our minds to it. Pritchard is coming over this morning about the probate, and I shall have to tell him."

Something fierce crept into Janey's gentle face.

"Oh, Roger, it is such a shame," she stammered. "If ever any man deserved Hulver it is you."

"Dick once said so," said Roger. "Last time he was over two years ago, that time he never came to the Dower House, though I begged him to, and I went round the park with him, and showed him where I had cut down the oak avenue in the old drive. It went to my heart to do it, but he had left me no choice, insisted on it. And when he saw the old trees all down he was quite taken aback, and he said: 'Roger, it is you who ought to have had Hulver. You'd have kept it together, while I'm just pulling it to pieces stick by stick. I must reform, and come and settle down here, and marry Mary. By God I must.' That was the last time he was here, just before he sold the Liverpool property."

"Everything seems to be taken from you, Roger," said Janey passionately. "And to think that this unscrupulous woman will have absolute power over everything."

"She will be able to turn me off," said Roger. "She will get in another agent, put in her brother, I should think. I always disliked her, and she knew it. Now she will be able to pay off old scores."

Roger looked out of the window, and his patient, stubborn face quivered ever so slightly.

It would have been a comfort to Janey to think that she should one day inherit Noyes, if there had been any question of his sharing it with her. But the long-cherished hope that they might some day share a home together had died. It had died hard, it had taken a grievous time to die, but it was dead at last. And Janey had buried it, delved a deep grave for it in the live rock of her heart.

"I don't see how I am ever to marry now," he said hoarsely.

"I can't count on the two hundred a year from the agency and this cottage. Even that may go to-morrow. It wasn't much. It wasn't enough to set up house on, but even *that* is as good as gone."

"I have thought lately that you had it in your mind to marry."

A small tear suddenly jumped out of Roger's eye and got held up in his rough cheek. "I want to marry Annette," he said.

"Yes, my dear, I guessed it."

"Dreadfully. You don't know, Janey. Dreadfully."

"I know, my poor boy," she said, "I know all about it." And she came and stood by him and patted his hand.

For a moment Roger sobbed violently and silently against her shoulder. Then he drew himself away and rummaged for his pocket handkerchief. "You're a brick, Janey," he said gruffly.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE news of Harry's marriage, which was convulsing Riff, had actually failed to reach Red Riff Farm by tea-time. The Miss Blinketts, on the contrary, less aristocratically remote than the Miss Nevills, had heard it at midday, when the Dower House gardener went past The Hermitage to his dinner. And they were aware by two o'clock that Janey had had a consultation with Roger in his office, and that the bride had left Riff by the midday express from Riebenbridge. It was the general opinion in Riff that "she'd repent every hair of her head for enticing Mr. Harry."

In total ignorance of this stupendous event Aunt Harriett was discussing the probable condition of the soul after death over her afternoon tea, in spite of several attempts on the part of Annette to change the subject.

"Personally, I feel sure I shall not even lose consciousness," she said with dignity. "With some of us the partition between this world and the next is hardly more than a veil, but we must not shut our eyes to the fact that a person like Mr. Le Geyt is almost certainly suffering for his culpability in impoverishing the estate, and if what I reluctantly hear is true, as to other matters still more reprehensible."

"We know very little about Purgatory after all," interrupted Aunt Maria wearily.

"Some of us who suffer have our purgatory here," said her sister, helping herself to an apricot. "I hardly think that when we cross the river that—"

The door opened, and Roger was announced. He had screwed himself up to walk over and ask for Annette, and it was a shock to him to find her exactly as he might have guessed she would be found, sitting at tea with her aunts. He had counted on seeing her alone. He looked haggard and aged, and his black clothes became him ill. He accepted tea from Annette without looking at her. He was daunted by the little family party, and made short replies to the polite enquiries of the Miss Nevills as to the health of Janey and Lady Louisa. He was wondering how he could obtain an interview with Annette, and half angry with her beforehand for fear she should not come to his assistance. He was very sore. Life was going ill with him, and he was learning what sleeplessness means, he who had never lain awake in his life.

The door opened again, and contrary to all precedent the Miss Blinketts were announced. The Miss Blinketts never came to tea except when invited, and it is sad to have to record the fact that the Miss Nevills hardly ever invited them. They felt, however, on this occasion that they were the bearers of such important tidings that their advent could not fail to be welcome, if not to the celebrated authoress, at any rate to Miss Harriett, who was not absorbed in ethical problems like her gifted sister, and whose mind was, so she often said, "at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise."

But the Miss Blinketts were quite taken aback by the sight of Roger, in whose presence the burning topic could not be mentioned and who had no doubt come to recount the disaster himself—a course which they could not have foreseen, as he was much too busy to pay calls as a rule. They were momentarily unplussed, and they received no assistance in regaining their equanimity from the lofty remoteness of the Miss Nevills' reception. A paralysing ten minutes followed, which Annette, who usually came to the rescue, made no attempt to alleviate. She busied herself with the tea almost in silence.

Roger got up stiffly to go.

"I wonder, Mr. Manvers, as you are here," said Aunt Maria, rising as he did, "whether you would kindly look at the dairy roof. The rain comes in still, in spite of the new tiling. Annette will show it you." And without further demur she left the room, followed by Annette and Roger.

"I am afraid," said the authoress archly, with her hand on the door of her study, "that I had recourse to a subterfuge in order to escape. Those amiable ladies who find time hang so heavily on their hands have no idea how much I value mine, nor how short I find the day for all I have to do in it. My sister will enjoy entertaining them. Annette, I must get back to my proofs. I will let you, my dear, show Mr. Manvers the dairy."

Roger followed Annette down the long bricked passage to the *laiterie*. They entered it, and his professional eye turned to the whitewashed ceiling, and marked almost unconsciously the stain of damp upon it. "A cracked tile," he said mechanically. "Two. I'll see to it."

And then across the bowls of milk, and a leg of mutton sitting in a little wire house, his eyes looked in dumb agony at Annette.

"What is it? What is it?" she gasped, and as she said the words the cook entered slowly, bearing a yellow mould and some stewed fruit upon a tray.

Roger repeated the words "cracked tiles," and presently they were in the hall again. "I must speak to you alone," he said desperately. "I came on purpose."

She considered a moment. She had no refuge of her own except her bedroom, that agreeable attic with the extended view which had been apportioned to Aunt Catherine and which she had inhabited for so short a time. The little hall where they were

standing was the passage room of the house. She took up a garden hat and they went into the garden to the round seat under the apple tree, now ruddy with little contorted red apples. The gardener was scything the grass between the trees, whistling softly to himself.

Roger looked at him vindictively.

"I will walk part of the way home with you," said Annette, her voice shaking a little in spite of herself, "if you are going through the park."

"Yes, I have the keys."

"He has found out about Dick and me," she said to herself, "and is going to ask me if it is true."

They walked in silence across the empty cornfield, and Roger unlocked the little door in the high park wall. Once there had been a broad drive to the house where that little door stood, and you could still see where it had lain between an avenue of old oaks. But the oaks had all been swept away. The ranks of gigantic boles showed the glory that had been.

"Uncle John was so fond of the oak avenue," said Roger. "He used to walk in it every day. There wasn't its equal in Lowshire. Anne de la Pole planted it. I never thought Dick would have touched it."

And in the devastated avenue, the scene of Dick's recklessness, Roger told Annette of the catastrophe of Harry's marriage with the nurse, and how he had already seen a lawyer about it, and the lawyer was of opinion that it would almost certainly be legal.

"That means," said Roger, standing still in the mossy track, "that now Dick's gone, Harry, or rather his wife, for he is entirely under her thumb, will have possession of everything—Welmaley, and Swale, and Bulchamp—not that Bulchamp is worth much now that Dick has put a second mortgage on it—and Scorby—and Hulver."

He pointed with his stick at the old house with its twisted chimneys, partly visible through the trees, the only home that he had ever known, and his set mouth trembled a little. "And that woman can turn me out to-morrow," he said. "And she will. She's always disliked me. I sha'n't even have the agency. It was a bare living, but I sha'n't even have that. I shall only have Noyes. I've always done Noyes for eighty pounds a year because Aunt Louisa wouldn't give more, and she can't now even if she was willing. And I'm not one of your new-fangled agents, been through Cicester, or anything like that, educated up to it, scientific and all that sort of thing. Uncle John was his own agent, and I picked it up from him. When I lose this I don't suppose I shall get another job."

With a sinking heart, and yet with a sense of relief, Annette realised that Roger had heard nothing against her, and that she was reprieved for the moment. It was about all she did realise. He saw the bewilderment in her face, and stuck his stick into the muddy ground. He must speak more plainly.

"This all means," he said, becoming first darkly red and then ashen colour, "that I am not in a position to marry, Annette. I ought not to have said anything about it. I can't think how I could have forgotten as I did. But—but—"

He could say no more.

"I am glad you love me," said Annette faintly. "I am glad you said—something about it."

"But we can't marry," said Roger harshly. "What's the good if we can't be married?"

He made several attempts to speak and then went on: "I suppose the truth is I counted on Dick doing something for me. He always said he would, and he was very generous. He's often said I'd done a lot for him. Perhaps I have, and perhaps I haven't. Perhaps I did it for the sake of the people and the place. Hulver's more to me than most things. But he told me over and over again he wouldn't forget me. Poor old Dick! After all, he couldn't tell he was going to fall on his head! There is no will, Annette. That's the long and the short of it. And so of course nearly everything goes to Harry."

"No will!" said Annette, drawing in a deep breath.

"Dick hasn't left a will," said Roger, and there was a subdued bitterness in his voice. "He has forgotten everybody who had a claim on him; a woman whom he ought to have provided for before everyone else in the world, and Jones, Jones who stuck to him through thick and thin, and nursed him so faithfully—and—and me. It doesn't do to depend on people like Dick, who won't take any trouble about anything."

The words seemed to sink into the silence of the September evening. A dim river mist, faintly flushed by the low sun, was creeping among the further trees.

"But he did take trouble. There is a will," she said.

(To be continued).

GREETING.

Good-morrow to the happy wind
Whose lips have tasted spring!
Good-morrow to the birds which find
All day new songs to sing!
To beach and all after his kind
Greeting—greeting I bring!
For all the woods are primrose-lined
And the sun's on everything!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

THE RARIORA OF TEA AND THE TEA GARDEN

THE tea-gardens which provided an abundance of entertainment for Londoners of every degree during considerably more than an entire century are as dead as the Queen of whom Pope wrote :

Here, thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

George I. had only just ascended the throne when, in the midst of the commotions of 1715, Nahum Tate, Poet Laureate as well as hymn-writer, re-echoed the praise of Pope in the lines :

Thus our tea conversations we employ,
Where, with delight, instruction we enjoy
Quaffing, without the waste of time or health
The sovereign drink of pleasure and of health.

It was in the year which succeeded the Restoration that we first hear of the sale at the Sultan's Head Coffee-house, near the Royal Exchange, of that "excellent, and by all Physicians approved, China drink, called by the Chineans 'Tscha' and by other nations Tay alias Tee," which speedily became popular, notwithstanding its almost prohibitive price, under the personal patronage of Catherine of Braganza, whose praises as the "best of Queens" Edmund Waller somewhat clumsily intermingles with the laudation of the beverage which Samuel Pepys (no bad judge in such matters) commended a little later as an excellent liquor he had never previously tasted. Queen Mary had a rooted

dislike to the decoction Catherine delighted in, and tea was still styled the "new China drink" when the accession to the throne of the last Princess of the House of Stuart signalled the dawn of that era described by Tennyson as :

The tea-cup times
of hood and hoop
And when the
patch was worn.

It was then

when Marlborough was winning victories on the Continent and Rooke was compassing the capture of Gibraltar, tea, as well as coffee, was served at both Tom's and the Grecian Coffee-houses in Devereux Court. A little later Addison, like Steele and Newton, an *habitué* of the Grecian, writes in the *Freeholder* of a lady who had "a design of keeping an open tea-table where every man shall be welcome that is a friend of King George." In these words we see some faint reflection of the genesis of the London tea-garden as an ally of the London tea-house. The whole subject has been admirably dealt with by Mr. Boulton, who describes how, as time went on, these places of popular entertainment spread over a wide tract of country which included Bayswater on one hand and Stepney on the other, stretched out to Kilburn, Belsize, Hampstead, Hornsey and Dalston, and studded generously the whole district with these shady retreats, the names of whose springs, proprietors or attractions are even yet preserved in the names of the thoroughfares which to-day cover the scenes of their "ancient delights." Many of these tea-gardens were established in the immediate vicinity of springs, the waters of which possessed, or were supposed to possess, medicinal properties. This explains the presence in the long list of mineral waters dispensed in 1757, at the sign of the Golden Sheaf in Tavistock Street, of the



MERCIER'S TEA-DRINKER.
After the mezzotint of McArdeil.

that the tavern and the coffee-house first began to find powerful rivals in the tea-gardens which soon began to spring up in great abundance either actually within the boundaries of the metropolis or in its immediate vicinity. Our present concern is solely with these places of entertainment. For the moment we have nothing to do with the fierce controversy which raged concerning the hygienic merits of tea, into which men like John Wesley, Jonas Hanway and Samuel Johnson all entered with considerable acrimony, or the great part played by the much-belauded or much-reviled "China drink" in the American War and the financial schemes of the younger Pitt. A whole volume might be written on the evolution of the teapot, the interesting and often artistic signs, trade-cards and billheads of the early tea-dealers and the caricatures of which tea was the sole *raison d'être*. Suffice it to say that in one Peter Motteux, "the grand elixir" which Wesley disparaged and Hanway denounced found a doughty champion, who at the end of a lengthy poem, in which the whole matter is supposed to be discussed by the



"MARYBONE GARDENS" IN THE TIME OF MRS. MONTAGU (CIRCA 1750).



BAGNIGGE WELLS IN THE TIME OF THE MACARONIS.
From a contemporary mezzotint of about 1770.

products of wells of Kilburn, Dulwich, Acton and Epsom, as well as those described as coming from the Dog and Duck, a tea-garden actually within the confines of Mayfair. One of

those at Edgeley or at Horton. "She was happy in both," says Dr. Doran, "but happier in the fashionable Tea-gardens nearer London, for Marylebone was still out of town. Elizabeth Robinson's day is described as beginning with a breakfast in Marylebone Gardens; giving a sitting to Zincke after mid-day, for her well-known portrait as Anne Boleyn, and spending the evening at Vauxhall." Pictures exist of tea-drinking at Vauxhall as well as at Marylebone, where, under the able direction of Dr. Arne, a great feature was made of the musical performances. It was, however, not all tea-drinking, breakfasting or dancing at Marylebone, then often written "Marriebone" or "Mary-le-bone."

There was a large plunging-bath there, much used by fashionable Naiads, who rose from silken couches



THE POT FAIR AT CAMBRIDGE IN 1777.
From an early caricature by H. Bunbury.



TEA GARDENS OF THE DUCK AND DRAKE SPA (CIRCA 1780).



BAGNIGGE WELLS IN 1782.

the foremost of the London tea-gardens was that of Marylebone. The biographers of Elizabeth Montagu agreed that in 1738, as a girl of eighteen, she preferred the Marylebone Gardens to

and was surrounded by a gravel walk, shaded by willow trees. For the better protection of the spectators the pond behind the Dog and Duck was boarded round to the height of the



BAGNIGGE WELLS IN 1788.
From a contemporary print.

donned a bathing-dress, took headers into the waters, gambolled in and under them till they were breathless, and then went home to dress for other enjoyments. When the Duchess of Portland heard of her young friend's plunging delights, she expressed herself "frightened out of her wits." But, on the other hand, Lord Dupplin wrote a couple of verses on this particular Naiad and again took headers into the glad waters of Mary-le-Bone.

It was somewhat later than this that "Marybone Gardens" and the sweet music discoursed there became the rage of the town. In 1759 the excellent Bohea tea to be obtained there was supplemented by Miss Trusler's almond cheese-cakes, twelve-penny tarts and rich plum tarts. She assured her patrons that at her Bread and Butter Manufactory nothing was used but the choicer sorts of "the China Herb," the best loaf sugar, and the finest Epping butter. It was the simple beauty of "Marybone," with its grand Walk, latticed arbours, luxuriant groves, which is said to have inspired the well-known "Tea-garden" picture of George Morland.

The Dog and Duck gardens, of which an early engraving is reproduced, occupied the site of Hertford Street, adjoining a much older public-house, so named from the diversion of duck-hunting by spaniels which was carried on there. The fun was to watch the duck dive in order to escape from the dog's jaws, and it seems to have been quite a fashionable sport in the London suburbs until superseded by pigeon-shooting. There was probably a spring in these gardens as well as the pond, in which the sport took place, and was surrounded by a gravel walk, shaded by willow trees. For the better protection of the spectators the pond behind the Dog and Duck was boarded round to the height of the

knee in order to preserve them from involuntary immersion at a time of over-excitement. Mercier's charming picture of his daughter gives one an excellent idea of a tea-drinker in early days of "the tea-cup times." The form of the cup is exactly that shown in some of Hogarth's prints, but at first no saucer seems to have been used.

Very interesting are the quaint illustration of Cambridge "pot-fair" in 1777, into the jollities of which tea-drinking evidently very largely entered, and the three views of Bagnigge Wells Gardens during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Beneath the group of 1788 one reads the lines :

All innocent within the shade you see
This little party sip salubrious Tea,
Soft Tittle-Tattle rises from the stream
Sweeten'd each word with Sugar and with Cream.

The joys of afternoon tea were seemingly already appreciated in the reign of George II., for the elder Colman, in his prologue to David Garrick's "Bon Ton," declares that :

Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Sunday and Monday,
'Tis riding in a one-horse chair on Sunday,
'Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons
At Bagnigge Wells with china and gilt spoons.

In all three illustrations we see something of the china which gave a tonish air to tea. High-born people played bowls and talked scandal and politics at Spring Gardens as early as the days of Charles I., when an *al fresco* restaurant in the Mulberry Garden enjoyed a certain vogue, but it was reserved for Bagnigge Wells to make tea-drinking their staple attraction. These gardens were opened in 1759 by one Mr. Hughes, on a site now covered by the Phoenix Brewery and other buildings, a little to the north of Clerkenwell Police Court. It was in the course of his gardening operations that Mr. Hughes discovered a chalybeate spring, and enabled him to give London a new spa or watering-place just as George III. was about to mount



TEA-DRINKING AT THE PANTHEON
IN 1792.

From the same mezzotint of Humphry after Edwards.

the Throne of his grandfather. The old banqueting-hall of Bagnigge House, in which James, Duke of York, used to breakfast with his brother Charles and "Mistress" Gwynne, made an excellent pump-room, and Mr. Boulton tells us that :

The old gardens were laid out with clipped hedges of yew ; formal walks ran between alleys of box and holly ; there were arbours covered with sweetbrier and honeysuckle for tea-drinking ; ponds containing gold fish, then not often seen ; a fountain with Cupid bestriding a swan, and leaden statues of Phyllis and Corydon. . . . On the banks of the Fleet River (crossed by three rustic bridges) were seats for those who "chuse to smooke and drink cyder"—a form of dissipation not permitted elsewhere.

In the morning invalids flocked to the healing waters of Bagnigge in big battalions, and breakfast (with tea) was provided for those who, in an orthodox manner, took the waters on an empty stomach. Later in the day, substantial citizens, with their wives and daughters, came there for an afternoon outing. It was then that Bagnigge buns, bread and butter and tea galore were the order of the day. Bagnigge negus was also held in high esteem, and the more jovial spirits preferred to smoke in the shade of the Fleet willows and watch the games of skittles and Dutch pins which were played in the eastern part of the gardens during the long summer evenings. On Sunday the diversions of Bagnigge always attracted crowds of visitors, and for quite seventy years it maintained a popularity with the middle classes which rivalled that of Vauxhall, Ranelagh and Marylebone in Court circles. In a 'prentice's song of the period we find a reflection, as it were, of the various details given in the curious prints of Carrington and Bowles and others :

Come, prithee, make it up, Miss, and be as lovers be ;
We'll go to Bagnigge Wells, Miss, and there we'll have
some tea ;
It's there you'll see the lady-birds perched on the stinging
nettles,
And chrystal water fountains, and shining copper kettles ;
It's there you'll see the fishes, more curious they than
whales,
They're made of gold and silver, Miss, and wags their
little tails.



GEORGE III. AND HIS FAMILY DRINKING TEA.

From a caricature of 1792.



TEA-DRINKING IN PARIS DURING THE DAYS OF THE CONSULATE.

Islington Spa, or New Tunbridge Wells, was older than Bagnigge Wells by more than half a century, but it was not till the beginning of the Georgian epoch that tea and its concomitant amusements were added to the medicinal attractions of the waters. Soon after the introduction of these novelties, well-to-do citizens and their families came to Islington to see the lime trees, coffee-houses, dancing-saloon, raffling shop and gaming-tables, of which Ned Ward sang the praises some years before George Bickham made them the subject of one of his charming song-heads and Mr. Pinchbeck utilised them for the decoration of a fan. Never did the prospects of Islington Spa seem brighter than in 1733, when the Princesses Carolina and Amelia came there regularly to take the waters. Lady Mary Montagu was among the water-drinkers, and in a letter of this period another lady writes: "New Tunbridge Wells is a very pretty, romantic place, and the water much like Bath water, but it makes you vastly cold and hungry." Malcolm, in 1803, speaks of the beauties of Islington Spa, but in 1840 all that remained of the site was covered by two rows of Spa Cottages, and the tea-drinking and junketing came to an end, although the waters of the well (then enclosed in an outhouse) were sold at sixpence a quart during twenty years longer. The waters of Kilburn and other minor spas (to most of which tea-gardens were attached) on the upland country sloping from the Northern Heights to the Thames bore a strong affinity to those of the healing-springs at Bagnigge and Islington.

One would like to say something of such notable tea-gardens as those known as White Conduit House, Copenhagen House, Cuper's, Finch's Grotto and a dozen others. In 1800 the words "tea-gardens" were inscribed in large letters on the gable of the Black Lion, close to the bank of the Thames. Twenty years later a popular beer-house, known as Grove Cottage and surrounded by tea-gardens, flourished in Lordship Lane, Dulwich, then a pleasant rural neighbourhood. In his "Reminiscences," Edmund Yates gives an account of the visits he paid as a boy to the tea-gardens attached to White Conduit House, and other places in the vicinity of Hampstead. It was the destiny of Cuper's, one of the most popular of the South London pleasure resorts, to ultimately become the site of a great distillery, after being bisected by the Waterloo Road. Cuper's, so named after an old servant of the Howard family, was quickly rechristened "Cupid's," and a popular song ran:

'Twas down in Cupid's Gardens
For pleasure I did go,
To see the fairest flowers
That in that garden grow

During the administration of Ephraim Evans, who succeeded Cuper, orchestras, fireworks and illuminations were

provided, as well as tea-drinking, and tradition asserts that both "Horry" Walpole and George, Prince of Wales, were often to be seen among the promenaders under the lime trees. At last the fun grew so fast and furious that the Widow Evans was compelled by the Surrey justices to revert to the original line. Being a woman of resource, she advertised her tea and the diminished glories of Cuper's, with the naïve observation that there still "remained some harmony from the sweet enchanting sounds of the rural warblers."

During the last two decades of the eighteenth century the Pantheon, in Oxford Street, developed into a fashionable tea-drinking centre. The manner in which a dish of tea was taken in the boxes is illustrated in the fine mezzotint, below which are the lines:

The Romans, as all bards agree,
Bedeck't with gods their grand Pantheon,
And our Pantheon brings to light
A store of goddesses.

Queen Charlotte was as devoted a tea-drinker as either Queen Anne or Doctor Johnson. The caricature of 1792, entitled "The Gradual Abolition of the Slave Trade, or Leaving of Sugar by Degrees," gives us an excellent idea of the Royal breakfast-table at either Buckingham House, St. James' Park or Gloucester Lodge, Weymouth. Dr. Wolcot showed no pity on the parsimonious Sovereign, and Isaac Cruikshanks seems to have followed suit. The supposed incident refers to Pitt's sugar tax. The figures in the right-hand corner are those of Queen Charlotte and the Madame Schwellenberg, so constantly referred to in Fanny Burney's journal and letters. The Queen offers Madame "Swelly" a morsel by way of concession, but the latter, who holds in her hand a formidable bottle, labelled "Brandy," replies in broken English: "Oh, to be sure, I was taken but an ickle at a time, an ickle and often, you know, and as for de Rum, I don't care about it. Good Coniac will make shift, aha!" At the beginning of the nineteenth century tea had become a fashionable drink on the other side of the Channel. In the rare and beautiful aquatint by Adrien Godefroy, after Harriet's picture, we get an excellent idea of a Parisian tea-party in the days when Napoleon had only just become First Consul and the Berlin and Milan Decrees were as yet unthought of. To take tea was then a sign of *suprême bon ton* in the higher grades of French society, and specially in official circles; but the *bon ton* of the tea-garden was essentially English. The custom of five o'clock tea has long since been adopted by our Gallican friends, but the eighteenth century tea-garden, which has utterly died out without leaving anything to replace it, was entirely indigenous to England and almost exclusively to London.

A. M. BROADLEY.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE MODERN SNAPDRAGON.

THERE is a subtle charm about the Snapdragon or Antirrhinum that only a few other hardy flowers possess. As a flower, it is by no means a newcomer to our gardens, because it was well known to Gerard as long ago as 1597, though it is true he only mentions four varieties in his historical Herbal. Illustrations of the flower in those remote days, and in the later days of Parkinson, show us that the upper petal was very pointed and the lip or lower petal much narrower than they are in the numerous varieties that grace our gardens to-day. Of popular names the Antirrhinum has enjoyed many, and about 1688 it was generally known as Calf's Snout, later variations being Lion Snap, Toad's Mouth and Cat's Eye. Unlike a great many other flowers of olden days, the Snapdragon was not considered to possess any special medicinal properties, though in some rural districts it was regarded as a charm against supernatural powers.

With such a history it is little wonder that the modern forms of the Snapdragon find a happy home in most good gardens. Apart from their old-world associations, the plants give us flowers over a very long period, a point that gardeners of olden days considered to be the best reason for growing them on an extensive scale. In quite recent years hybridists have given us some very beautiful and wonderful art colour shades, and if only they could impart a pleasing fragrance to the blossoms, the modern Snapdragons would quickly occupy as proud a position in our gardens as the ubiquitous Sweet Pea. Although the value of these plants for the outdoor garden has long been recognised, and particularly where the soil is poor, or for the tops and crevices of old walls, they have not hitherto been regarded as flowers for the conservatory; yet a splendid group, exhibited at the Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly meeting last week, had been flowered under glass, and proved that they can be successfully utilised in this way.

It is true the spikes were rather longer than one would wish, but this difficulty could be overcome by growing the dwarf or Tom Thumb section, which are much too short and dense for the outdoor garden. An interesting point about the flower-spikes shown on the occasion referred to was that the lower flowers were retained until those almost at the top of the spike had fully opened. This was stated to be due to the fact that bees had not been allowed access to them, a point that all good cultivators will fully appreciate.

But, after all, the modern Snapdragon is essentially a plant for the outdoor garden, and those who would have a brilliant display this autumn should secure plants without delay. A great many good nurserymen supply well-rooted and thoroughly hardened seedlings suitable for planting in beds and borders, and the present is an excellent time to put them in. Rich, heavily manured soil must be avoided: the Snapdragon flowers best on rather poor soil that contains some old mortar or lime, and in preparing the bed it is advisable to incorporate some of this with the soil. One foot apart each way is a good distance for the plants. For old walls it is much the best to sow seeds, any time during August or early September being the best period of the year for this. A little good soil should be mixed with the seed, and the whole then well rammed into the crevices of the wall and kept watered until the seedlings are fully established. In early autumn seed may also be sown in a bed to provide plants for flowering early the following summer, though most gardeners prefer to sow in slight artificial heat at the end of January or early in February, and thus secure plants for placing in beds and borders early in June. Although the Snapdragon is strictly a perennial plant, it is usually grown as an annual or biennial on the lines indicated above. If it is desired to keep old plants over the winter they ought not to be cut down during the autumn, but left with their tops intact. The soft, unripe shoots will be killed by frost; but if these are pruned away in spring the

hard, woody branches will quickly break into new growth and commence to flower some time in advance of the spring-sown seedlings. As a rule, however, the flower spikes from these old plants are not so large and bold as those from young ones. In the days of long ago the Snapdragon was largely increased by means of cuttings, these being made from young shoots in early autumn. Such care is now taken in saving seed, however, that this course is not necessary, except in very special circumstances, as all good colours can be relied upon to come true from seeds. Moreover, seedlings usually possess greater vigour than plants raised from cuttings. As already stated, varieties are now exceedingly numerous; but it may be useful to mention a few that are specially good. If I were only allowed to grow one Snapdragon it would be Cottage Maid. Its flowers are a delightful combination of rose pink and white that reminds me forcibly of Apple blossom. Moonlight has flowers of apricot yellow flushed with red; and other excellent sorts are: Brilliant (vivid carmine), Crimson King (rich glowing crimson), coccinea (brilliant scarlet), Yellow Queen and White Queen. All belong to the tall or intermediate section, and all look very charming when cut and placed under artificial light. In the north of England and Scotland varieties with striped flowers are largely grown for exhibition; but in southern districts preference is given to those of less bizarre appearance.

F. W. H.

ROSE FORTUNE'S YELLOW.

SOME beautiful blooms of this charming old Rose exhibited by a Colchester grower at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society proved, by the interest taken in them by visitors, that it is still a peer among Roses, despite the fact that it was raised some sixty-five years ago. Unfortunately, it is not at all an easy Rose to cultivate successfully, and this no doubt accounts for it being so seldom met with. It is a noisette Rose, and, when it can be induced to grow, quite one of the earliest to flower. It needs a warm, sheltered position, such as under a South wall, and if this can be provided it will, in many gardens, particularly in the southern and western counties, thrive and flower well. It is as a greenhouse Rose, however, that Fortune's Yellow is seen at its best. The bushes ought to be planted in a border, and the long, slender growths trained to rise some ten inches or a foot away from the glass. The flowers, which are semi-double and of charming texture, vary somewhat in colour, from lemon to apricot yellow, and generally the petals are very softly suffused with carmine. A large bowl filled with flowers and foliage sprays of this delightful Rose create a picture such as few other varieties are capable of providing.

A NEW ROSE WANTED.

During recent years considerable interest has been taken on both sides of the Atlantic in the raising of new Roses, and there has been considerable rivalry of a friendly character among raisers in this country and the United States. In 1913 our American cousins have arranged to hold at San Francisco a large and comprehensive exhibition, to be known as the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Apparently the horticultural section of this is to be quite up to date and on an extensive scale, a cup valued at 1,000dol. being offered for the best new, unnamed Rose that is shown. In addition to the cup the horticultural jury will be empowered to grant such further award as they may deem desirable. Early notice is given of this award, so that raisers of new Roses may have time to excel all their previous efforts.

H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WISTARIAS AT LOCARNO.

SIR,—The photograph of this rather remarkable wistaria was taken a few days ago when the bloom was at its best. The plant grows in a private garden in the main street of Locarno, Lake Maggiore, and it has been allowed to just take its own course, climbing entirely at random. The result, as seen in the photograph, is that it has entirely covered two fir trees, one of which is an exceedingly tall tree. The age of this wistaria is doubtful, but it must be very great, to judge by the immense growth and the diameter of the stem. It is somewhat difficult to give the true idea of the plant, especially as it is so situated that it is quite impossible to photograph the trees without distortion. The soft colouring of the wistaria bloom is always beautiful, but when set off by the dark tone of the fir and enhanced by the lighter tones of the new fir shoots the effect is superb. An ordinary photograph cannot show this effect, but it makes a pleasing autochrome study. The second photograph shows, on the contrary, a trained wistaria growing in the same neighbourhood. This plant is also an exceedingly fine specimen. The portion seen on the pergola is really but a fraction of the whole. The entire front of the building on the right is covered with a mass of blooms, falling in heavy clusters like those depicted.—ERIC S. HERVEY.

SOIL FROM ROSE BEDS.

SIR,—I am enclosing a small box of soil from our garden, and I shall be obliged if you can tell me what I should mix with it to enable Roses to grow. We have planted both French and English Roses, and after the first year they always die back. Ramblers do better, and we find the soil grows vegetables and bulbous plants well, though it is a surprise sometimes to see how well they do in such a hard, stony soil. Would lime or some chemical do any good?—K. MOODY.

[The sample of soil sent by our correspondent is a rather hard, tenacious clay and contains a good percentage of lime. The fact that it will grow good vegetables and bulbous plants, also Rambler Roses, proves that it is suitable for other Roses, though we would not advise the planting of Tea varieties. It seems to us that good cultivation is needed, and we advise trenching the soil to a depth of nearly three feet, keeping the subsoil at the bottom and incorporating with each spit plenty of partially decayed stable manure. This work ought to be done not later than the end of August or early September. Then, at planting-time, i.e., early November, fork over the top spit and break up any lumps



E. S. Hervey.

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WISTARIA OVER A NATURAL SUPPORT.

encountered. Before doing this, sprinkle a good handful of bone meal over every square yard of the surface. If treated in this way, we see no reason why the soil should not grow first-class hybrid Tea and hybrid Perpetual Roses.—ED.]



E. S. Hervey.

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A LOFTY PERGOLA WITH SUSPENDED WISTARIA.



BURTON AGNES, a red-brick house in a stone county, has little in common with the Yorkshire great stone houses, for the low levels of the East Riding, where it lies between Driffield and the sea, are not of the stone-producing sort, and great houses are not many. But it is not only an unusual, but a very beautiful early seventeenth century home, unspoilt though not untouched by later hands, as it shows through the round archway of the gatehouse which gives a very curtailed view of the green forecourt, where the leaden Gladiator stands on guard between files of small clipped yews. Burton Agnes was granted after the Conquest to Robert de Bruis, but he and his successors in all probability never lived here; and it was their sub-tenants the Stutevilles, Merlays and Somervilles who in turn made it their home. The de Bruis family were overlords until late in the thirteenth century, but by about 1315 the Somervilles appear to be holding the place direct from the king. There is a relic of an early house lying to the west of the great house that dates back to the late years of the twelfth century, with its basement, Norman piers and groined vaulted roof with heavy chamfered ribs, and this was probably built by Roger de Stuteville, who held Wark against William the Lion in 1173-74, and whose daughter Alice married Roger de Merlay. A de Merlay heiress who married Robert de Somerville of Wichnor in Staffordshire in 1274-75 carried Burton Agnes into new hands. Roger de Somerville founded the chantry of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1314, and three years later licence was granted to translate the body of his wife Maud to the new aisle of the church of Burton Agnes. The elder daughter and heiress of Sir Philip Somerville, who died in 1355, by her marriage with Rees ap Griffith was able to bring two properties, Wichnor and Burton Agnes to the Griffiths. For more than two centuries Griffith succeeded Griffith in the old house, where the fifteenth century woodwork of the roof is of the time of Sir Walter, who died in 1481, and whose alabaster tomb

in the little church of Burton Agnes shows his effigy and that of his wife Joan Nevill, daughter of Ralph Nevill of Overley, and grand-daughter of the first Earl of Westmorland. His son and heir Walter, who married Jane, daughter of Sir John Ferrers of Tamworth, was knighted, and made High Sheriff of York in 1501. Very little is known of his descendant Sir Henry Griffith, the builder, though the marked individuality shown in the building of Burton Agnes makes this a matter of regret. He was Justice of the Peace for Stafford in 1584, and High Sheriff of the same county in 1593-94, and certainly began building "a house by the Trent," doubtless at Wichnor. He was on the Council of the North in 1599 and 1602, and was knighted by King James at York in 1603. His marriage with Elizabeth Throckmorton of Coughton connected him with Sir Thomas Tresham, that devout Catholic and interesting builder of symbolical buildings in Northamptonshire. But that is the sum of what is known of Sir Henry, except that, in the first years of the seventeenth century, he began a new house at Burton hard by the old, and finished it ten years before it passed to his son. The new house is of red brick, with stone plinth, coigns, mullions, and ornaments sharp-cut as on the day they were set in their place. To-day, as when Celia Fiennes saw it, "it looks finely in the approach," and the house is "all built with bricks and so good Bricke that at 100 years' standing no one Brick is faulty." The gatehouse stands in the centre of the wall to the road, and in the middle of the forecourt in her day was a bowling green palisaded round, and "cut box and filleroy and lawrell," which have their place taken by files of clipped yews.

The building took eight years, as we can see by the dates he was good enough to leave upon it. Over the front door on a panel is the year 1601, with the initials H.E.G. for himself and his wife, Elizabeth Throckmorton, with their arms, Griffith quartering Somerville and bearing Merlay in pretence; Griffith quartering Somerville and Merlay; Throckmorton quartering Aberbury, Olney, de la Spine, Revershyllyn, Bossan and





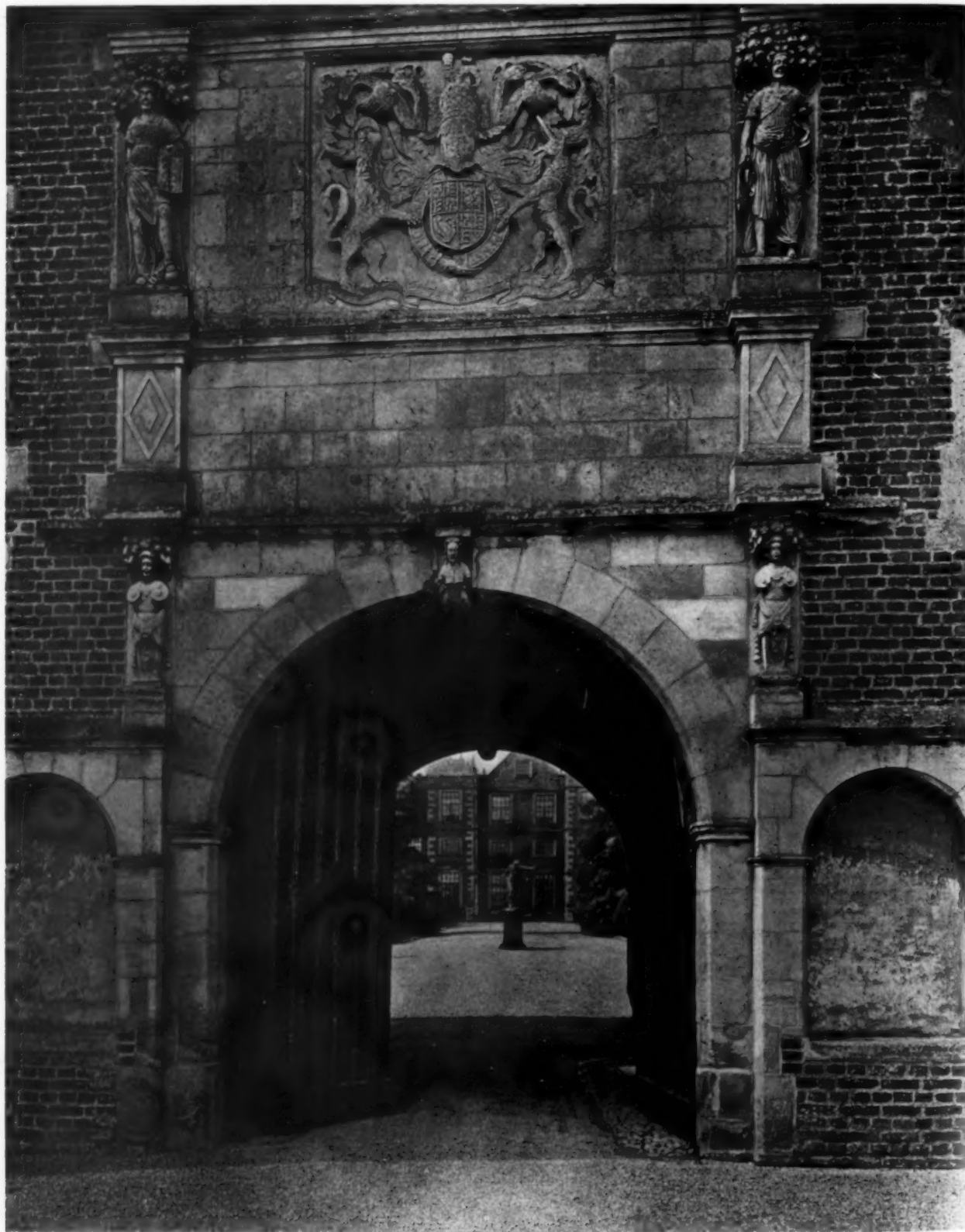
THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Wyke; Rhys, Prince of South Wales, quartering Blount and Lords of Avon. Above are the arms of Queen Elizabeth. The rain-water-heads to left and right of the front bear the dates 1602 and 1603, and the lady's head and griffin, the Griffith crest and device, alternately. Then for a time it appears he held his hand. The front is flanked by short projecting wings, with the most effective feature of the design, tall, semi-circular bays on the front, which group pleasantly with the neighbouring semi-octagonal embattled bays on the returns. From the central portion project the porch, which is entered by the side face beneath Sir Henry Griffith's display of loyal and personal heraldry, and the hall bay. This very unusual entrance has often been noticed, the earliest to do so being Celia Fiennes, who visited the house on her way from Barmston.

In houses with long elevations, the porch was the central object, and the hall lay either to the right or left of it; but in smaller houses, or those like Burton Agnes, with a narrow space between the jutting-outwings on the entrance front, the hall occupies the recessed centre, and the porch and hall bay project on either side. For the sake of symmetry, the front face of both bay and porch have windows, and the doorway on the side face of the porch does not disturb the balance of the façade. As at Dorfold in Cheshire, this doorway is entered from a platform, which stretches in front of the large hall window. There is less effort on the other façades, where sashes have, here and there, displaced the early mullioned lights on the ground and first floors, especially on the east side. The house is built round a very small court, as is shown by the old plan, which may serve as a guide to-day, as there have been no additions and very slight



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THE GATEHOUSE ARCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

alterations to Sir Henry's work. The "immortal moon" had her eclipse endured before the interior was finished and the gatehouse built, for the Stewart arms and the date 1610 are seen above the round-arched entrance of this attractive brick building, with its dome-topped angle turrets. The cutting away of much of the ivy which muffled up the inner face until this autumn is, as always, a clear gain.

The tradition which links Inigo Jones' name with the house is more than usually unfounded, for the very slight later alterations to Sir Henry Griffith's work are of the early eighteenth century. And these alterations are so inconspicuous that it would seem hardly worth while to drag in Inigo Jones to account for some sash-windows, even if their date were not a sufficient deterrent.

Burton Agnes, fine as it is without, is more surprising within doors. It is richer in its interior woodwork than many a larger house. At every point there is something unusual; in the hall and the oak-panelled rooms, and in the massive staircase with its free use of coupled newels, which gives the impression of intricate colonnades of timber. This staircase is very ample, easy and dignified, and the carrying up of the richly carved coupled newel-posts makes a very distinctive feature. The hall owes more than a little to the spoils of

Barmston, not many miles away, whence the fine chimney-piece of stone and alabaster was brought in the eighteenth century. Here coupled Ionic columns, covered with a floral pattern, and a bracket support an entablature where the five senses, on a small scale, figure in the frieze, and over this is a lively presentment of the fate of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. On the one hand the Wise sit with their tall lamps trimmed spinning within a well-furnished bedroom; on the other the Unwise are taking part in some wild Flemish *hermesse*, while their fates are relentlessly set forth above their heads on a smaller scale. Such finely sculptured panels of wood, stone or marble were not uncommon accompaniments of the chimney-piece in the houses of the serious-minded of Elizabethan and Early Jacobean days, and there is a somewhat similar carving of the death of Jezebel at Heath Old Hall, near Wakefield. This Barmston chimney-piece, though actually more than twenty years earlier than the fabric of Burton Agnes, is so completely in keeping with the allegorising tendency of Sir Henry Griffith that it is difficult to believe that it is not original in its position. But the heraldic evidence is conclusive; above the history of the Wise and Foolish Virgins are the arms of Sir Thomas Boynton (1544-82), his third wife, Frances Frobisher, cousin of the famous navigator; and his fourth, Alice, daughter of



Copyright.

THE NORTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

BURTON AGNES FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Nicholas Tempest of Helmarthen, displayed in three panels, while a pediment encloses the arms of a Sir Griffith Boynton (Boynton impaling Topham) who reigned at Burton Agnes from 1761 to 1778. It was during his ownership that the plaster ceiling was put up, against which the figures of the elaborate screen seem to knock their heads. There is no

evidence of heraldry to link this screen with either Griffiths or Boyntons, but it is even richer in sententious allegory; the four Evangelists certainly appear in the crowded panels of the upper or plaster portion, and the four Sibyls and the Twelve Tribes have been recognised, while Mr. Gotch has spelt out a number of abstract conceptions, such as Mensura, Pax



Copyright.

LATE NORMAN SUB-VAULT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Diffidentia, Concordia and the like. The screen is original to Burton Agnes, one figure to the left of St. Matthew being evidently by the same hand as the figures flanking the Royal arms on the gatehouse; and it is mentioned by Celia Fiennes on her visit here after 1695, but before the eighteenth century alterations. When the house was still like the gardens "in the old fashion." The lower half of the screen, the panelling which makes the circuit of the walls, the tall archways to which the hall owes much of its dignity and picturesqueness, are richly and even intricately ornamented. The same richness characterises the panelling of the drawing-room, with its two tiers of arcaded wainscot, though what appears like inlaid work is nineteenth

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE LITTLE CRAKE.

THE little crake (*Porzana parva*) is so rare a species in these islands that a fresh record is always interesting. In Norfolk, for example, still a favourite haunt of waterfowl, only about a dozen instances of this small crake have been recorded since 1809. No doubt a good many others of this species have managed to reach that county during the spring or autumn migrations, but these birds are of such shy and furtive habit, and manage to conceal themselves so effectually



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HALL AND STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

century painting and gilding, for which a heavy bill was paid. Above the original fireplace, only lately opened out, is the most interesting piece of carving in the house, a large oak panel in which Death the Skeleton, trampling on sword and crown, is poised his dart in the midst of allegorical groups of the Just and Unjust, which was probably the work of some Flemish artist of finer taste than the English executants of the figures of the somewhat misshapen classic deities in the hall. This panel, which was recently found in another part of the house, is once again in the place for which it was originally destined and into which it exactly fits.

J.

in the marshy coverts which they affect, that they have never been identified. In Sussex, where a fresh example turned up in March last, the recorded specimens hitherto noted number no more than eight or nine. The latest arrival, of which I have just had particulars, was discovered in a very singular manner. It ran, late in the evening, into a lighted room, in a house on the outskirts of a large coast town, and was at first mistaken for a rat: a hunt at once took place and the unfortunate bird was presently knocked on the head, a barbarous proceeding which is much to be regretted. There can be little doubt that this unfortunate crake had just landed on migration, and becoming bewildered by the lights of the town,

ran into the first available shelter it could find, and so came to its lamentable end. If it had pitched a quarter of a mile eastward it would have landed in a piece of marshy country, where it could have found sanctuary for the summer and in all probability might have made its return migration to the Continent and thence to North Africa or Western Asia.

DESCRIPTION AND HABITS.

The little crane, which belongs to the group of spotted crakes, which have a wide distribution, is of about the same size as the small Baillon's crane, another rare visitant which occasionally migrates to Britain. It measures about eight inches in length and in general colouring is of an olive brown hue, the back having some broad black markings and a few small white streaks. The tail feathers have dark brown centres. The forehead, the sides of the head, the front of the neck and the breast and stomach are slate grey; the thighs and vent are spotted and the under tail-coverts barred with white. The irides are red, the bill is green, with a red base; the legs and feet are also green. The feet are long and slender and well adapted to the habit of running about on the leaves of water-lilies and other vegetation. The hen bird is slightly smaller than the male and shows pale brown colouring on the crown of the head, the nape and the sides of the neck; the chin is white, the front of the neck, breast and underparts are tawny-buff, the flanks and undertail coverts greyish with narrow white bars. Mr. W. Eagle Clarke, who found this crane breeding on the Obrez Marsh, in Slavonia, describes the newly-hatched chick as "glossy black with a beautiful dark greenish cast and having bluish-grey legs."

The clear, loud note of the old bird is well described as "a defiant kik, kik, kik." The little crane has no doubt been occasionally mistaken for a small landrail by the unobservant, but the grey and red bill and the white back markings should serve at once to distinguish the species from that bird. This crane has, so far as I know, only once been recorded in Scotland and Ireland. It has been observed in various English counties, including Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cumberland, Oxfordshire, Middlesex, Kent, Sussex, Hants, Dorset, Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall. No recorded instance of the nesting of this bird is known in Britain. The eggs, it may be noted, have a yellowish-brown ground colour, almost completely covered by profuse markings of various shades of reddish-brown. This crane occasionally visits us in autumn as well as spring. Its food is largely insectivorous. It swims and dives well, and has a surprisingly strong flight, as indeed it needs to have, when we consider its far wanderings over the world.

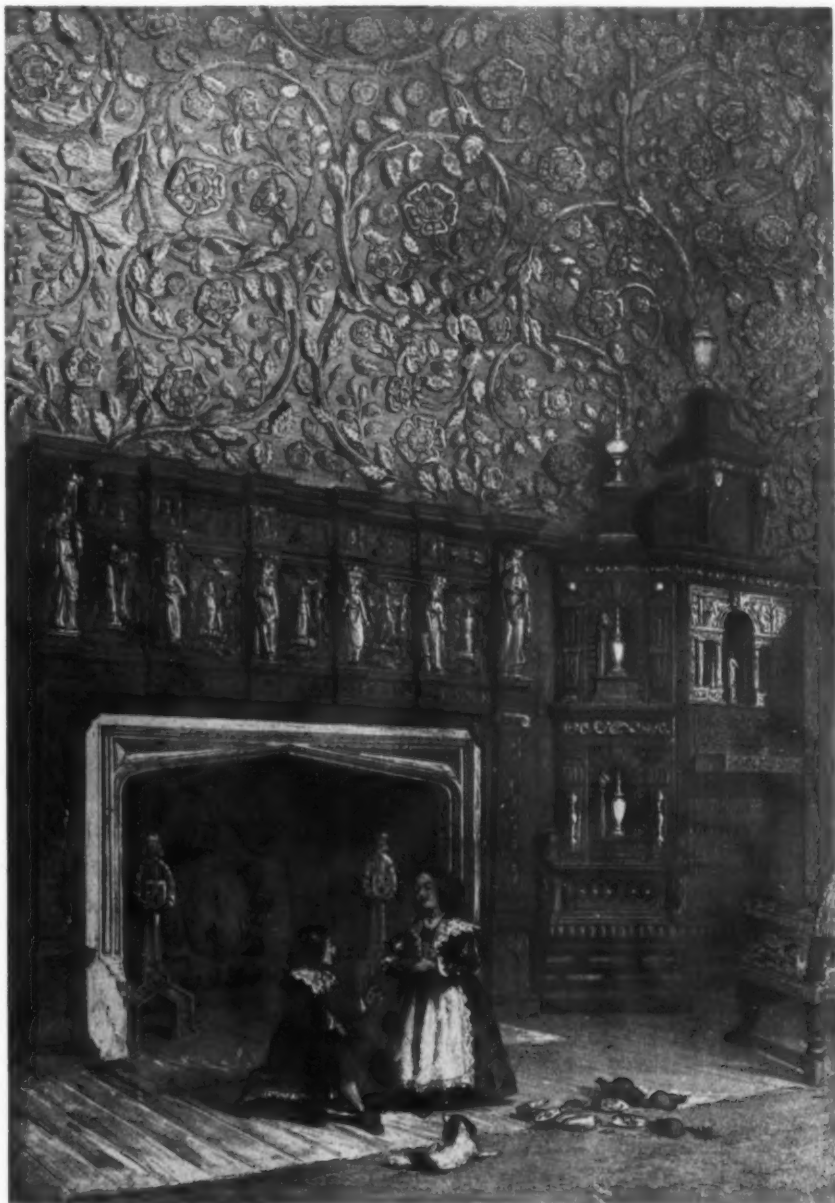
DISTRIBUTION OF THE LITTLE CRAKE.

The little crane is said to have bred in the South of Sweden, and nests from the southern end of the Baltic to Livonia and Central Russia. It is known also as a breeding species in Poland, Southern Germany, Austro-Hungary, Central France and the Rhone Valley, and from Savoy to Sicily. Hitherto it seems only to be known as a migrant in other parts of the Mediterranean countries and in Spain. It is found in Algeria and Tunisia, and thence descends as far south as Equatorial Africa. It has been identified also in the Canaries, whither no doubt it flights from the mainland. It is well known in the Caspian countries during summer, and extends eastward through Persia and Turkestan to Gilgit. It is found on the lakes of Sind during winter. This very interesting crane, no doubt, with the spotted crane and the Baillon's crane, makes its way to Britain more frequently than is commonly supposed. All these birds are, however, of such shy and secretive habits that they escape observation almost more than any other species.

WILD ORCHISES ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

I was writing the other day of the wonderful display of gorse blossom in the Down country this year. The wild orchises are

making a brave show also, for those comparatively few discerning folk who appreciate them and are acquainted with their localities. Already I have seen many with my own eyes, and in one collection last week I came upon no less than eight species, all gathered in this part of the country. These were the green-winged, early purple ("long purples"), the bee, the spider, the fly, and the curious little frog orchis, as also the tway-blade and the dwarf orchis. The majority of these grow upon the open Downs, some few—as the tway-blade and the tall early purple orchises—in the woods, nestling beneath those smooth hills which White of Selborne once described as "the majestic mountains of the South Downs." White wrote this description from Ringmer, whence the grand masses of the Down country have certainly a very fine effect. Properly to appreciate the South Downs, in fact, they ought to be viewed from a distance of from seven to ten miles, when their



THE OLD GALLERY AT BURTON AGNES.
From Richardson's drawing in 1838.

wonderful contours, the grandeur of their massed effects and their great length never fail to satisfy the eye. This is certainly a good orchis year in Sussex, and those desirous of seeing these curious and very lovely wild flowers may be well advised to go in search of them. Wild orchises are, however, rather evasive flowers to the unaccustomed eye, and a skilled guide, in the shape of a friend who knows and appreciates these flora, ought to be enlisted. Southern Dorset is just now an equally good country for the observation of these charming wild flowers.

MOOR-HENS AS GRASS EATERS.

Moor-hens are, as a rule, not much molested by country people, and because of their handsome colouring and confident ways they are tolerated to such an extent that they may become far too numerous to be good neighbours to the farmer. It is not, perhaps, generally known

that they are great grass eaters, and when they are suffered to attain inordinate numbers, as they quickly will do in situations favourable to their habits, they will strip the young grass in water meadows to a very serious extent. Round Salisbury, for instance, these birds are very numerous, so much so that they have to be kept in check by the tenant farmers, who are compelled to organise three or four shoots every winter to reduce their numbers to manageable proportions. As many as a hundred and twenty moor-hens are bagged during a day's sport, and some five hundred or six hundred of these prolific gallinules are destroyed every season. The fact

is, moor-hens in such situations increase far too rapidly, and there is no unnecessary cruelty in thus keeping them down. A moor-hen lays from seven to nine eggs at a sitting, and will have two and even three broods during the season. In a district where large numbers of these birds abound, it will be understood how great a nuisance they may become from their grass-eating propensities. It is a curious fact that when the parent birds build a second or third nest, the young birds of the first brood will assist them in the operation, and will even help to take charge of the nestlings.

H. A. BRYDEN.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN ART GALLERY

THE small but exceedingly choice and representative collection of Dutch pictures, formed by Sir Hugh Lane and purchased by Mr. Max Michaelis to form the nucleus of the South African National Gallery, was on view at the Grosvenor Gallery, Bond Street, and closed upon June 11th. This was the only opportunity which most art lovers in England have had of examining an unusually select collection, every "item" of which is in its way of the first rank. It is the third public gallery which Sir Hugh Lane has formed—the other two are in Johannesburg and Dublin—probably a record for one man.

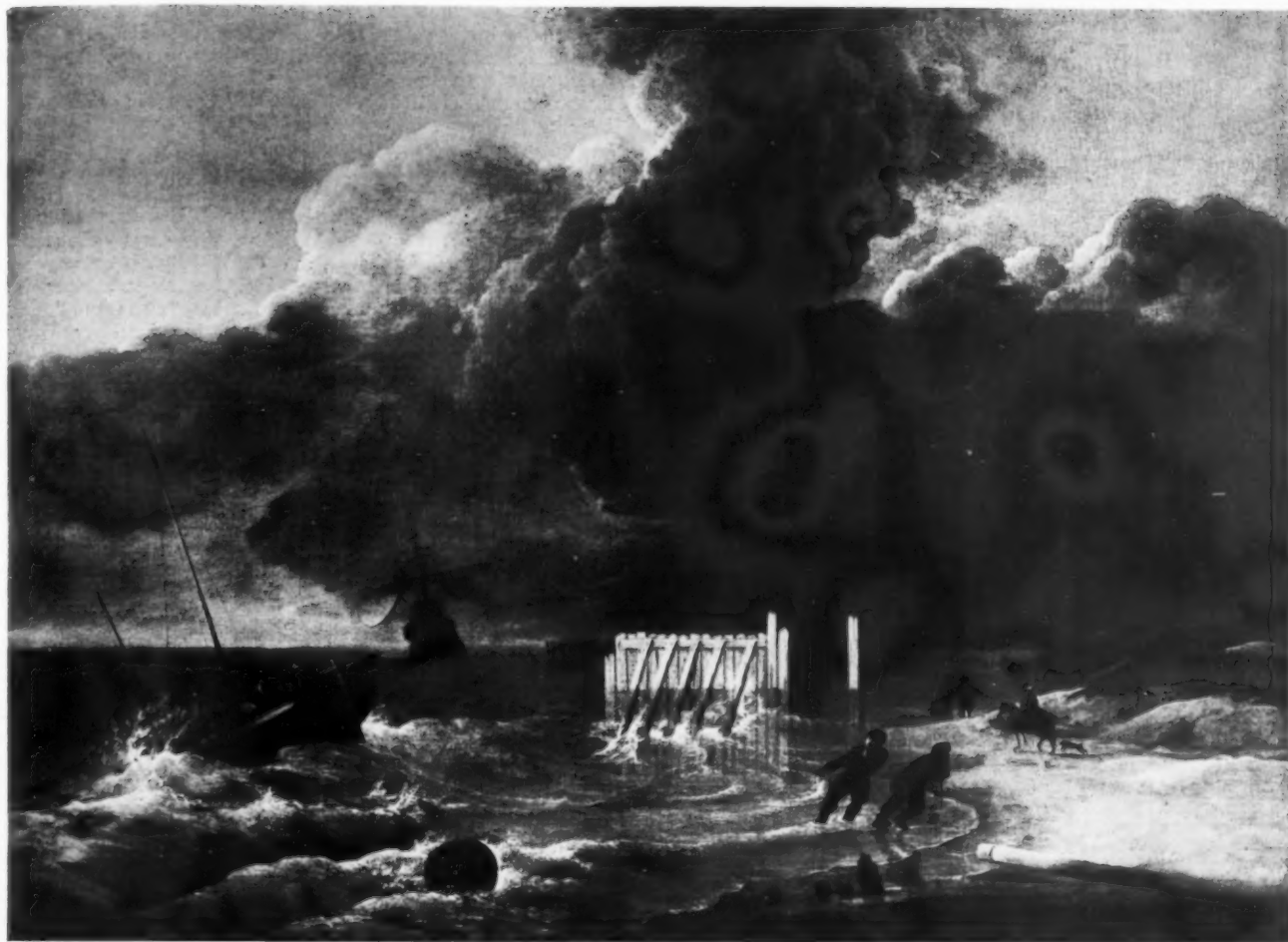
The collection consists of forty-seven pictures, and the appropriateness and the character of the gift—apart from its munificence—are self-evident. The Dutch inhabitants of South Africa will rejoice in these portraits and scenes of the country of their ancestors at a time when Dutch art was at its highest. The eventual "setting" of this splendid collection is perhaps a matter of secondary importance, but it is to be hoped that the old Castle at Cape Town may eventually be transformed into a public picture gallery for the common good of Dutch and English residents; and it is scarcely necessary to mention the fact that the Dutch were among the first European settlers in this city. The collection itself has been formed entirely within the

last few years by the enterprise and fine judgment of Sir Hugh Lane, and it constitutes not only an historic precedent, of which others may be inclined to avail themselves, but it is particularly interesting from the fact that this is the first time that an English colony has become at one stroke the possessor of a first-rate collection of old masters. Other colonies, either by private generosity or by public-spiritedness, will doubtless in time rival the Cape, but it is South Africa which has led the way. In such a case as this the very natural regrets which exportations of this kind produce in the minds of Englishmen will be shorn of much of their poignancy. If these fine things cannot be kept in England they are at least preserved for all time for our own kith and kin across the seas.

Although no price has been mentioned in connection with the purchase of this collection, it is understood to have approached a quarter of a million sterling. Those who are most conversant with the present day prices of the finest examples of the Old Masters will have no difficulty in arriving at an estimate which cannot fall far short of the amount above indicated. The Rembrandt and the Hals, for instance, might easily be valued at considerably over a quarter of the sum paid for the whole. The Rembrandt "Portrait of a Young Lady" in a black silk dress, white muslin cap and large gauffered ruff, dates from



AERT VAN DER NEER: MOONLIGHT RIVER SCENE.



HENDRICH DUBBELS: THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN.

about 1640, is traced to an anonymous sale in Paris in 1809, and passed thence into the famous Pourtalès Collection, a portion of which, including this picture, was dispersed in London in 1826; it was again sold in London in 1873, and in the interval was lent to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857. For years it was one of the gems of the splendid Demidoff Collection at San Donato, at the dispersal of which in 1880 it created a sensation by realising over £6,000, at that time the highest price ever paid at public auction for a Dutch picture.

Curiously enough, the Frans Hals "Portrait of a Lady" was painted within three or four years of the Rembrandt, for it is signed with monogram and dated 1644; she also is in a black silk dress, with white ruff and white cap. This picture, which was seen at the Grafton Gallery, National Loan Exhibition, in 1909, came from the Beurnonville Collection, Paris 1881, and, more recently, that of Maurice Kann; one eminent authority goes so far as to declare it as "absolutely unsurpassed by any Hals in the world."



JOHANNES VERMEER: THE OUDE KERK AT DELFT

The other portraits in the collection include two of widely different interests. The Govaert Flinck, which is here reproduced, is a fancy portrait of the artist himself—a pupil of Rembrandt—as an Eastern prince according to tradition, but more probably as an office-bearer in a company of archers, of which there were many in Europe during the seventeenth century. The imposing whole-length Van Dyck represents John Oxenstierna, Count of Sodremore and Baron Kymeht, son of Axel Oxenstierna, Minister to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and Plenipotentiary Minister at the Peace of Munster. He is in a rich gold tunic with black breeches and black cloak thrown over his shoulders, and his right arm rests upon a pedestal on which his coat of arms is sculptured. This portrait was at Christie's two or three years ago, when it was sold "for the purposes of division"; it is apparently a hitherto lost, or certainly an almost unknown, portrait of the history of which nothing is so far known.

One great general feature of the collection is the number which it contains of little-known Dutch masters, especially of painters of still-life. There are, for instance, good examples



GOVAERT FLINCK: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

of William van Aelst, by whom there is a signed and dated vase of flowers, exhibited at the Guildhall in 1903; two specimens of Abraham H. van Beyerén: one by Jacob van Es; the portrait of a taxidermist by Aert van Gelder; one each by Cornelius de Heem, Balthazar van der Meer of Delft, of whom very little is known except that he was born at Haarlem about 1656, and that he was probably a son of the elder Jan van der Meer; Dominicus van Tol and Jan Weenix. Painters of landscapes and seascapes are also well represented. There is, for instance, a fine example of Jacob van Ruysdael, a view of the Hill of Bentheim, close to the castle of that name (and a pendant to the beautiful "Bentheim Castle" in Mr. Otto Beit's gallery), with a river falling over rocks in the centre, a shepherd reclining and tending sheep on the banks. De Vlieger, Backhuysen, Van Croos are also represented, while the one specimen, here illustrated, by Hendrich Dubbels, is a view of the



REMBRANDT VAN RHYN: PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY.

beach at Scheveningen, with men landing a fishing-boat, a breakwater in the centre and other figures and boats, and shows us a fine effect of a stormy sky. Another picture, signed with monogram, here reproduced, is by Aert van der Neer, a moonlight river scene with men embarking in a boat and a man holding a white horse.

The various interiors include one, of which an illustration is here given, of the Oude Kerk at Delft, by Johannes Vermeer, with the sunlight reflected on the stone pillars through stained glass windows; a cavalier in black dress is seen talking to a workman, with a group of children playing on the right. This fine picture, which is signed, and dated 1651, is an admirable example of this scarce master, who is chiefly known as the painter of rich apartments. Another "master of interiors," Jacob Ochtervelt, is represented by a richly-furnished apartment, with a lady seated, in white satin dress, holding out a biscuit to a little dog standing on its hind legs before her; a man singing to the accompaniment of a lute is seen behind her.

Jan Steen and David Teniers the younger are each represented by two pictures. The more important of the two Steens is "The Dancing Dogs," of which the history has been traced back to the Ganay sale in Paris in 1762. The picture has been in various English collections since soon after 1813, was for many years in the Coote family and is described fully in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné." The fiddler in this picture is a portrait



A. H. VAN BEYEREN: STILL LIFE.

of the artist himself. The two Teniers are respectively titled "The Shepherd" and "The Prodigal's Return," the latter a group of numerous figures. Dirck Hals, a brother of the more famous Frans Hals, is seen to advantage in his group of eleven richly-dressed cavaliers and ladies, some of whom are seated singing and playing various instruments. Another group is by Jacob Toorenvliet, signed and dated, and shows the gardens of a mansion with a gentleman in red dress and flowing wig, his wife in white satin dress and their daughter in brown robes, holding a spray of flowers. The Adriaen van der Werff group of youthful card-players in a cavern, which is lighted from the right, was in the Wynn Ellis Collection, where it had as one of its many companions the famous stolen Gainsborough "Duchess of Devonshire," now in the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's collection in New York. Frans Snyders' "Concert of Birds," with an owl conducting from a book the singing of a paroquet, peacock, jays and other birds of brilliant plumage, is a companion picture to that which belongs to the German Emperor at Berlin.

While it has not been possible to name all the pictures in this collection, two others at least must be mentioned, however briefly—Pieter Nason's portrait of a lady in yellow moiré silk dress with coral pink trimmings, and the much rarer Pieter de Putter's portrait of a lady in black embroidered dress with white lawn cap and collar. Both are signed and dated, the latter coming from the Earl of Kinnoull's collection. W. ROBERTS.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

NO better book is likely to be written for holiday reading than *By the Brown Bog: Stories of Irish Life and Sport* (Longmans, Green). The authors sign themselves Owen Roe and Honor Urse, but they might as well have used the pen-name which has become so familiar—E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross—a list of whose works are conveniently given on the back of the title-page. As most people who have read "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." would be eager to read the new book it seems curious that they did not use the old signature. However, we are thankful to have such a splendid piece of Irish humour on any terms. This is really not only an amusing, but a very clever book. The lines on which it is built remind us a little of "Charles O'Malley"; but there is one important distinction to be drawn. In the work of Lever, and in that of nearly every other Irish humourist, exaggeration is used to such an extent as to take away the sense of reality. We laugh, but the laughter is the homage paid to farce and caricature. The book before us provokes a smile rather than a loud laugh, because the enjoyment is of that quieter, though perhaps more satisfactory, kind which comes from observing the foibles and characteristics of men and women. The topics are old and the types of character are not new, yet the total effect is one of freshness, and we do not remember anyone who has made the Royal Irish Constabulary so amusing. From a serious and instructive little explanatory preface we get the history of that body in a nutshell. According to Lord Morley, it is "the arm, eye, and ear of the British Government in Ireland." It differs from an English police force inasmuch as "it is an armed body, having a semi-military organisation." The difference works out in literature in harder knocks. We have one chapter much more serious than the rest in which the Head Inspector deliberately chooses his opportunity of sending a bullet through the head of one of those miscreants who directed the Moonlighters in the worst days of the Land League, and from the beginning of the book to the end we are in an atmosphere where blows are struck and crowns cracked on the slightest provocation—in other words, it is the West of Ireland, and the types are very much what we might expect to meet. There are squires and squireens, two very pretty girls, and an extremely stout middle-aged woman who is more amusing than either of them. An Englishman named Cyllius is made endless fun of, as, indeed, might easily be inferred from his name, which, apparently, is the author's way of spelling Silly Ass. His misfortunes reach their climax in an island on the Western coast, eight miles out in the Atlantic. A very remarkable description is given of this place, which possibly might be one of the Aran Islands. The inhabitants are practically foreigners:

Hardly one of the several score of people before us could speak one word of English; in fact they might have been of quite another race.

They lived in

stone huts looking exactly like inverted cups. We learnt afterwards that it was only the very poorest who lived in them, the aristocracy of the island preferring wretched mud cabins which really did not afford half such good accommodation.

There is a kind of idol which they call "the luck of Inishmona"; it is thus described:

Facing the door of the chapel, on a stone pedestal, its back against a rough-built niche in the wall, was an extraordinary black wooden image, half human, half bird. It had evidently been a figurehead of some old Armada ship wrecked off the island. It is easy to trace Spanish blood in types and names all down the west coast of Ireland. I noticed that Murrough took off his hat as he passed the idol, but whether this was merely preparatory to entering the chapel or not I could not say.

Cyllius, in the spirit of the cheap excursionist, "whipped out a penknife and chipped off a small piece of the idol's wing." The outrage put the hitherto friendly people in a frenzy, and they began forthwith to stone their visitors. Cyllius took refuge in one of the stone huts:

without a thought for the rest of us he turned and bolted, making straight for the yacht; but as he came within easier range of the islanders a shower of small stones greeted him and he swerved sharply, and bending almost double, dived under the low door of a beehive hut, into which he vanished.

The end was half tragic and half comic:

A pandemonium of sound now began to issue from the beehive hut—an old woman's cracked voice screaming curses in Irish, mingled with the barking of dogs and the cackling of fowls. Cyllius was evidently meeting with a warm reception. Suddenly his legs emerged, and remained kicking there as though he was being held forcibly from within, and we could hear his muffled voice raised in expostulation with some one inside.

Fossy ran down, gripped him by the ankles, and putting his foot against the hut dragged him slowly out like a badger from his earth. As his head appeared we saw that a pair of skinny arms were clinging round his neck and

his face bore five long scratches on each cheek. The half-dressed figure of an old, old woman was dimly outlined in the darkness of the hut, gibbering furiously in Irish.

The fun here is a little cruel, but the chapter is most decidedly interesting. The lady who writes these volumes under a double name must know her islands well, and it is refreshing to have anyone writing about them with her cheerful and full-blooded sense of humour. A full-blown Irish Celt would have been in an ecstasy over the Gaelic and so on.

But this must not be taken as a typical chapter in the book. Much more so is the final one, "Gone Awa-a-y." In it the hero is married to the girl of his choice, but the ceremony is preceded by some excellent greyhound coursing. Be it remembered that the course of the story takes us through the most lively incidents of hunting, shooting, racing, dancing, even of cock-fighting and dog-fighting. This was the day before the marriage, and they made a night of it. What sort of night may be guessed from the chorus of Head Constable Brien's song, which was:

It was worra by me father at pattern wake and fair,
Where sticks and stones and broken bones were flying thro' the air,
'Twas built a hundred years ago, sure 'tis nothin' the worse of that,
It's a reg'lar Lady Dazzler is the Ballinamona Hat.

At the end two burly constables swung the hero on to their shoulders and he was carried round the room by a procession shouting a mixture of "Auld Lang Syne" and "For he's a jolly good fellow";

but the procession suddenly came to an end by falling over the prostrate form of Dermot, who had inadvertently sat down in front of the leading men, and it took me a full minute to climb out from under a wriggling mass of men.

It is no wonder that when he jumped out of bed next morning he felt a horrible wreck. The stout, middle-aged lady characteristically appears in the church in one of the front pews, and calling the hero whispers that she has to tell him an adventure of the night before:

"Did you hear what happened to the County this morning?" she began, as calmly reminiscent as if she was at home. "Wasn't he putting up at Clancy's Hotel last night for the wedding, and as you know, he's a powerful early riser. And this morning, didn't he go down to the bath about half-past six and it as dark as a bottle? Never a bit of a candle with him, for over he goes, and pulls the string of the shower bath, and, faith, the old man got the fright of his life when out jumps a big cattle jobber, the eyes leppin' in his head; it seems they'd made a bed for him in the bath, they were that full, and they do say that the County never ran so fast in his life, with the jobber after him, yelling melia murder, and vowing he'd have his blood."

Adventures follow till the very last minute. His friend rushes in to tell him, just as they are about to start for the station, that

"one of the carriage horses is after casting a shoe on the way up, and the devil a one of the others in the stable ever saw harness before but that Nora Creina mare an' she's a dancin' demon when she's vexed. However, I told them to yoke her an' we'll hope the old horse'll pull her."

The mare is only made to go by waving a flaming branch of a tree in her face, and when her fright died down she stopped dead, her toes dug into the ground, from which position, Timsy remarked, "neither fear, favour, nor the devil himself would budge her." So they had to be cut adrift, and the wedding party entered into the station in a carriage pulled by one poor old horse. Mr. Trevor's friend is holding up the train. "In you get," he says,

and in another moment we were bundled into a carriage, the door of which was decorated with a white satin shoe, and then the train pulled out with an angry snort, followed by Fossy's long-drawn-out "Gone away" whoop that called up vivid memories of many a rattling hunt, while the others caught up the chorus of his great old song:

Then here's to the Boycotted Harriers,
And the crame of the pack they were tarriers,
There was Ringlet and Ranter and—

and then the train had swept on round the bend and a great wall of rock shut out the rest, though the rollicking voices still echoed in my ears as I dropped back in my seat.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ROMANCE.

Polly Peachum. Being the Story of Lavinia Fenton (Duchess of Bolton) and "The Beggar's Opera," by Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul.)

MR. PEARCE, in this large discursive book, has succeeded in painting a faithful picture of the middle eighteenth century in its theatrical aspect. In epitome we get it in Hogarth's almost photographically realistic "Scene from the Beggar's Opera." Here we have at once the people, the century and the play. Seated on the stage in the manner of the time is, among others, the young Duke of Bolton, his "nobleman look," as Pope called it, glued on Lavinia Fenton, who, in the part of Polly, is beseeching Peachum to save Macheath, who stands in chains, "a slouching bully," as he was originally represented by Walker. Peachum is being played by Hall, who is rather too good-looking for the part. Lavinia, dressed, as Macklin says, "very like the simplicity of a modern Quaker," is kneeling to him. Next but one to the Duke, on the stage-seats on the right hand, is Sir Robert Fagg, the rich, horsey profligate whose name at

the time was most frequently coupled with that of the popular toast of the day. Among other spectators are Rich, manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre; Gay, the happy author of "The Beggar's Opera," smiling at his own success; Anthony Henley and "Long Sir Thomas," "the Petronius of the present age." George Gilfillan, a great power in his day, although his name is an unfamiliar one to the young generation, drew a fanciful, but very inaccurate, picture of the first night. He talked of Swift's "lowering front" and Pope's "bright eyes," of Congreve and of Addison; but as the last-mentioned had been dead for several years, while Swift was in Ireland and Congreve not only blind but ill, it is very certain that Gilfillan was using his imagination to embroider Pope's account of the first night. The great point of this was the Duke of Argyll's prophecy: "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of 'em!" And the public did rise to it. From the first night the play was a complete success, and continued to be played for many years. Its last production, as far as we can make out, was in 1879. Gay had stumbled on a novelty which completely outdid the Italian operas that previously had been so fashionable. Those were the days when public opinion was largely manufactured in the coffee-houses where the beaux and wits used to assemble. With one accord they praised this extraordinarily vivid picture of Newgate, in which life was depicted exactly as it is, without exaggeration and without the omission of those weaknesses and even vices which the idealist avoids so completely. There was much discussion about the morality or otherwise of the piece; but Dr. Johnson, as usual, brought his massive common sense to bear when he said: "As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion that more influence has been ascribed to *The Beggar's Opera* than it in reality ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at its representation. At the same time I do not deny it may have some influence by making the character of a rogue familiar and in some degree pleasing." Then, collecting himself, as it were, to give a heavy stroke: "There is in it such a labefaction of all principles as may be injurious to morality." The central attraction in this first production

was, of course, Lavinia Fenton. She was the illegitimate child of a sailor, who left on a two years' voyage before she was born. Her mother, says the biographer, did the best thing possible under the circumstances—she married. Of her husband we know nothing save that he lived in the Old Bailey; but Mrs. Fenton, "being a woman of a popular spirit, soon after her marriage set up a coffee-house in Charing Cross, where Polly, being a child of a vivacious lively spirit, and of promising Beauty, was a plaything for the Fops. She never failed to afford them an agreeable diversion, and though at this time she was but 7 or 8 Years of age, she had some singular talents of wit, which showed her of an aspiring genius, and one that would in time strive with Emulation to exceed the Bounds of her narrow Fortune." Lavinia's life between the coffee-house period and the time when she went on the stage is probably exactly what might have been expected in the case of the eighteenth century actress. She grew up, however, with wit and beauty certainly, and more decency than might have been expected. She had only played Polly Peachum about a year when the Duke induced her to leave the stage, and twenty-three years later, on the death of his wife, they were married. He did not long survive this, but the terms of his will show how much he valued her. Walpole, in a letter to Horace Mann, gives a rather bitter account of her widowhood: "The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton, is dead, having after a life of merit relapsed into her Peggys hood. Two years ago, ill at Tonbridge, she picked up an Irish surgeon. When she was dying this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will, but the man, finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish one other not quite so scrupulous, and her sons have but a thousand pounds a piece; the surgeon about nine thousand." But when he told this story about her will, he did not know that the Duke had made provision for her three sons. Mr. Charles Pearce has unearthed the document from the official records, and it is now printed for the first time. So ended the striking career which has furnished the material for this very interesting book.

WITH THE INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAMS.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the first of the matches played in the International Polo Meeting resulted in the defeat of this country, the score being: America 5½ goals, England 3. The game was played under the most favourable conditions, and the number of spectators was extraordinarily large, estimates varying from twenty thousand to thirty thousand. They represented the cream of American society. On this occasion the English team were at least as well mounted—it would not be too much to say they were better mounted than their opponents. Their riding, too, seems to have been very generally admired. But the game was lost in the first period, during which the Americans scored 3 goals to England's 0. The play of the

United States representatives was dashing and bold in the extreme. It was not till towards the end of the game that the English team began to develop its proper form, and the testimony is almost universal that the contest was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed, despite the discrepancy between the two scores. The defeat, although frankly disappointing, need not cause us to abandon hope of ultimate victory. Good judges were well aware that the teams were so finely matched that whichever succeeded in obtaining the initial advantage would have a great chance of retaining it to the end. The experience gained by the English players of the American style ought to stand them in good stead when the teams meet again on Saturday.



THE AMERICAN TEAM—AN IMPRESSION OF "LARRY" WATERBURY.

NEW YORK, May 26th, 1913.

To "muddle through" has become a common expression for the way we Britishers are supposed to carry out many of our objects, serious and otherwise. Which category the International polo matches may come under I leave to the taste of the reader. That the many changes and rumours of changes which were current up to the time the British polo team left England were, I believe, put down by many as another example of our haphazard way of conducting such matters; and more than one interested person said how much more thorough the American methods were, and how certainly all matters there connected with the match would be settled long ago, and that practice and polishing of the team would be in process.

Though many people play the game here, there would seem to be a greater difference between the few really in the first class and the remainder than exists with us. This is so evident that, were the International games to take the form of a tournament, in which a large number took part, there would be little doubt as to the result. As it stands, there are about enough men available to make up two first-class American teams, with possibly a few over; after that comes a great drop in form.

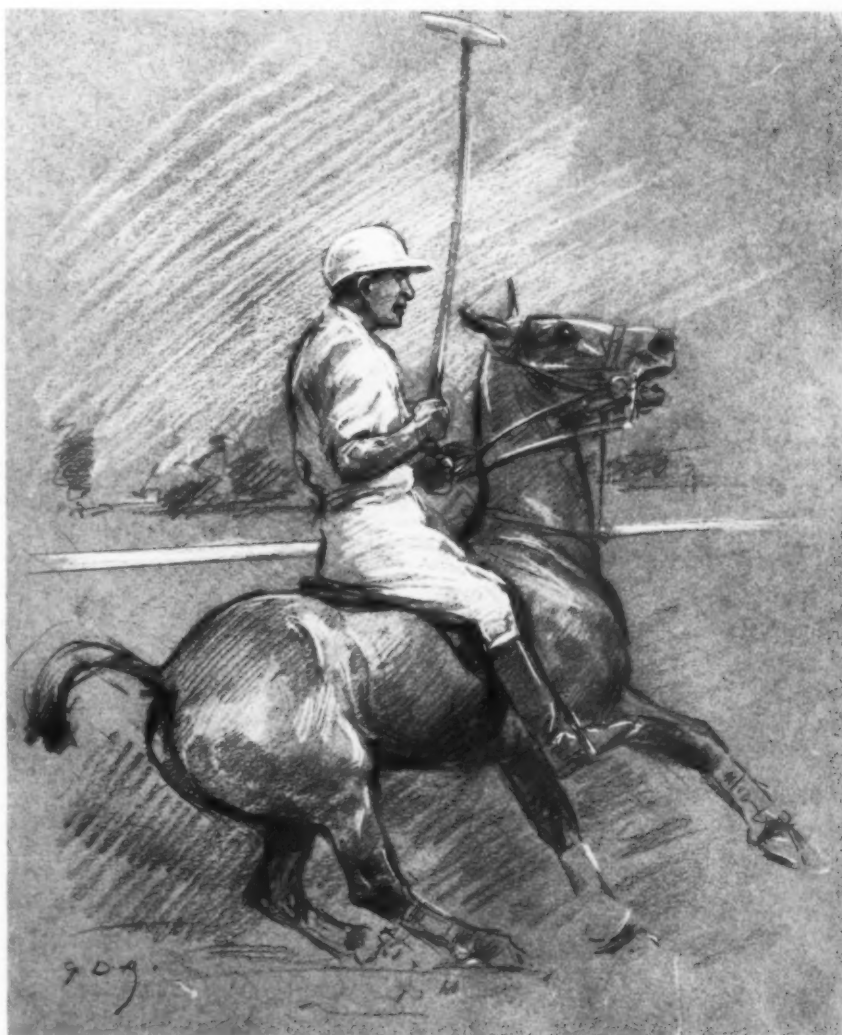
The British team have played about four games against scratch teams which have generally included one of the British reserve men—Mr. Freake; but, so far, none of those teams have been able to "extend" ours, the games being of a very one-sided nature and the scores heavily in favour of the British. This one-sidedness would seem to have been increased by the difficulty of horsing the American side sufficiently well; and Captain Miller has even had, in some cases, to help to mount the opposition. It was regretted that a stronger side could not be put up in order to better practise our team; but I suppose, for the reasons stated, it is impossible to hope for this.

The ponies brought over have done exceedingly well and are in perfect health, and with the care that Mr. Naylor, the stud groom, takes with them, they should be as fit as possible when the critical moment comes. The wet weather, which has prevented much polo, has no doubt been of use to the ponies, as it has prevented their feeling the sudden heat, which might have been very trying. During the last week there has been a great deal of rain, and practically no polo has been possible at Meadowbrook, though a few games have been played at other places. At Piping Rock Club, where the British team are quartered, several games have taken place on what to us would seem to be fairly hard ground and wonderfully sound, considering the weather. This is owing, I believe, to the fact that the soil is very light and sandy; but I am told that the same reason makes it necessary to be very careful of the ground, as offering but slight hold for the grass roots. Once a turf is cut it dies, and the place of it remains bare during the rest of the season.

So far as one can see from the kind of games played, the British team seem to be shaking down into their places well, and developing team work as distinguished from the individual brilliance undoubtedly possessed by all its members; and though attempts at prophecy are usually futile and, like the stone thrown into the air, apt to return and injure the thrower, I personally cannot help thinking that, should generalship as well as brilliant strokes characterise their play, it is more than a shade of odds that the Cup may return to Hurlingham. Yesterday we had a chance of seeing the "old team" of Americans play against what is practically their second string. It was a most interesting game, very hard fought, as can be imagined in



J. M. WATERBURY.



CHARLES D. MILBURN (BACK).

the light of what I have said in regard to possible—if improbable—changes, everyone playing for their lives. The result was a drawn game of six goals each. As the first game of first-class polo which I have seen played by Americans, it was intensely interesting. Most people have heard of Mr. Milburn's wonderful hitting, but the length and accuracy of it has to be seen to be appreciated; but all the "old team" are strong men and hard workers, with that fine control of direction of the ball which is so important. They do not strike one as being such good—or at least good-looking—horsemen as we are accustomed to see in good polo; but it seems to suffice for the purpose, and "'An'som' is as 'an'som' does."

What ponies they may have in reserve it is impossible to say, but some of those played yesterday came off the ground more beat than is usually seen. This, however, might possibly be attributable to the ground, which, a player told me, was very dead. Of the second-string team one need not say much, the score speaking for itself. Composed of lighter, and in most cases younger, men, there was little to choose between them; possibly the back, Mr. Stevenson, who has played in England, might be selected as the pick of the team, but all played well; and should the old team fail at the first time of asking, it is quite possible that recourse might be had to the second string, with possibly Mr. Milburn exchanged for one of them. G.

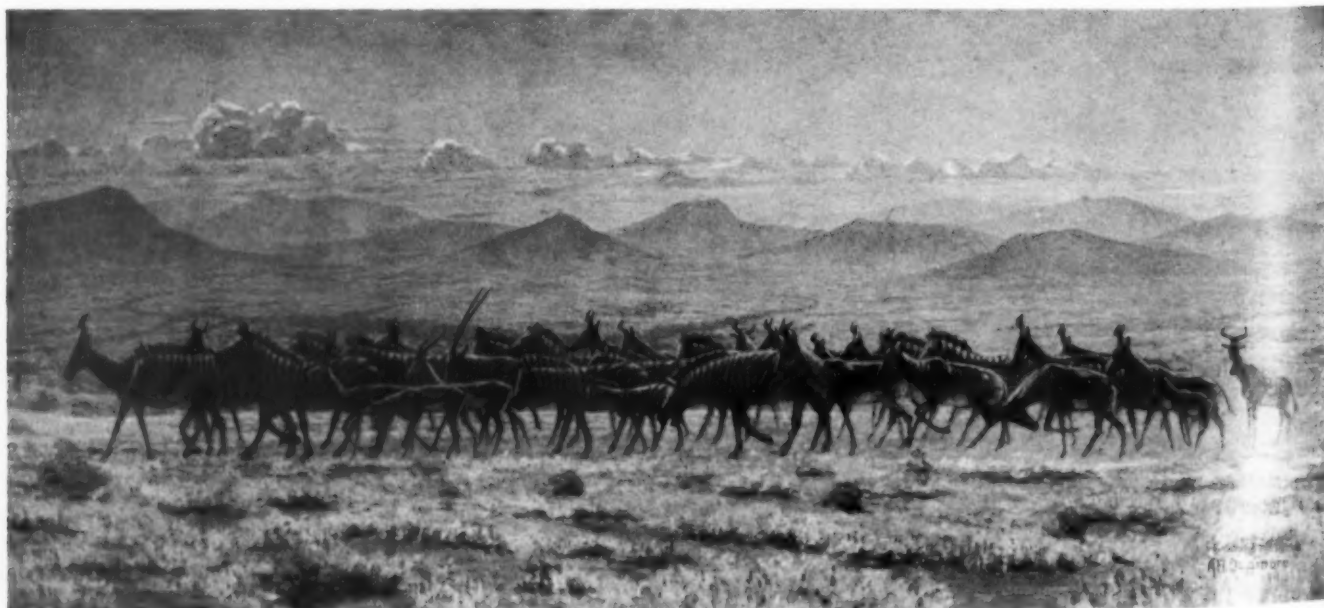
MR. DUGMORE'S PAINTINGS.

LAST week, although we were able to print a slight appreciation of Mr. Dugmore as a painter, it was not found practicable to show specimens of his pictures. We therefore reproduce two of them to-day. They are very interesting, from the natural history as well as from the artistic point of view. In painting wild animals there is a convention for which Landseer was largely responsible. He painted a stag and called it "The Monarch of the Glen," whence it has arisen that nearly all subsequent artists have had the "monarch" idea very noticeably visible when they painted a stag. It is more so with the lion. He was named "The King of Beasts," and so the orthodox painter brings him forward always as a sovereign, with a

majestic head and shaggy mane. But anyone who takes the trouble to examine Mr. Dugmore's pictures will find abundant traces of the fact that he has looked at wild animals with his own eyes. For instance, those caribou trotting along in a snowstorm are very obviously drawn from life. There was no convention to aid the artist here. Similarly, the troop of animals in South Africa are unmistakably drawn by one who has seen the picture with his own eye. It is from this point of view that the pictures can, we think, be studied to most advantage. On one hand, they show that Mr. Dugmore has brought his experience as a naturalist to the art of painting; and, on the other hand, they illustrate the fact that the beauty of his photographs is in great measure traceable to his taste as an artist.



"CARIBOU TRAVELLING IN A SNOWSTORM."



"ON TREK."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CURLEWS IN ICELAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to "M. P.'s" query in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, I send you the following extract from B. Saemundsson's "Notes on the Birds of Iceland," which I translate from the Danish in which they are written: "Mr. Bernhaft informed me that he had observed a flock of Curlews in the environs of Reykjavik in the middle of January, 1906. It is said there was a flock in the East of Iceland in December and January, 1909. Mr. Björnsson informs me that he saw five or six individuals near Reykjavik on March 24th, 1912. I have never seen them myself." Mr. Saemundsson is, I believe, a resident in Reykjavik and an accurate observer.—M. BEDFORD.

A STRANGE HOME FOR A CUCKOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Thinking this likely to be of interest to your readers, I beg to send the following account. While spending the afternoon of June 1st round Drypool, a deserted block of farm-buildings on Cleve Hill, I was prompted to look into a starling's nest in the thatched roof of a shed. To my surprise, I found two fully fledged starlings and also a cuckoo. As I put my hand into the hole, the young cuckoo fluttered up under the thatch and was followed by his two companions. The nest was by no means easy to get at, as it was behind a beam of the roof. The number of starlings at Drypool is enormous, and the buildings are full of their nests. Does not this find create a record?—for I have never read or heard of a cuckoo in such a nest before.—HAROLD J. SELBY.

OUR FRIEND THE HERON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sorry to have to write to you again on the ways of this wicked world, particularly in regard to herons. A day or two ago my gamekeeper, Mr. J. Crow, brought the enclosed convincingly written letter from a neighbouring keeper, a careful observer of natural history.

"Dear Mr. Crow,—The following might interest you, and I think it might interest Mr. Burn Murdoch. One of my helpers, when trapping vermin last week, set a trap on a marshy piece of ground. He put a sham partridge egg on a forked stick, showing the egg above water. Of course the trap, as you know, was set on a patch clear of water. The trap was set for a hooded crow, but a heron was caught instead. Well, of course, that might easily happen, but the sham partridge egg had disappeared. To make a long story short, the heron had swallowed it, and my helper, Harry Dickson, squeezed it out of the heron's long thrapple. Now I don't mean to say herons are hunters for game eggs, but it appears that if they came on a nest of game eggs they would make a meal of them.—T. W. WALKER."

While speaking about this letter Crow produced this stone—is it not like a partridge egg? His boy put it into a partridge scrape, and a hen bird promptly laid its "lochter" round it. Lochter with us stands for setting, I believe. It is not very commonly used in Scotland; only a few of the classic Lowlanders use it. I daresay you will find the word in the poems of Sir David Lindsay or Dunbar, possibly in a minor poet's works of their time, called Chaucer. A friend of mine (of Dumfries, Stirlingshire) lately found a china sham pheasant's egg on the edge of a crow's nest. He only slightly indicated the language that may have passed between the two harassed supporters of the young rook family when she discovered the egg was unedible! A number of these beautiful birds (herons) are going to be preserved in the new "Zoo" here. I still think they should be preserved under glass, where moths do not break through. We are trying again "bracken for trout food"; young bracken this year, before it has quite uncured.—W. G. BURN-MURDOCH, Arthur Lodge, Edinburgh.

FRIEND OR FOE?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your contributor, under the above heading, writes: "The farmers of the East Coast who take their natural history from experience, not from books, say that the black-headed gull has been changing his habits. . . . Correspondents have informed us during the last three weeks that they have found the crops of dead specimens full of seed corn, and some are loud in their demand that this most beautiful seagull should be treated as an enemy. . . ." Now I hold no brief for *Larus ridibundus*, but have the same farmer correspondents examined the crops of this gull during the winter months? Mr. Hudson and I examined thirty-five black-headed gulls on behalf of the Essex and Suffolk Fishery Board during the month of December, January and February. These birds were shot at sea and on the estuaries of the Orwell and Deben. Even though shot on the water the birds appeared to have been feeding to about an equal extent on marine and land food. I give a list of the various foods found in them, and in brackets the number of the gulls in which the particular food was present: Marine food—marine worms (13), crabs (2), shrimps (7), small crustacea (4), molluscs (7). Land food—earth-worms (10), wire-worms (3), beetles, larvae, etc. (4), cereals (1), garbage (1). Fish—Young herring (2), small valueless fish (3). If these birds had been shot inland the probability is they would have contained a much greater quantity of earth-worms, wire-worms, beetles, etc. The whole question is whether the good gulls do in the winter outweighed by the harm they do in the spring. Their habits have not changed, the only thing is that they have increased so enormously that they may do material harm to cereals. It is possible my letter may reach the eyes of some farmer who is interested in this subject, and to him I would say, if he cares to forward to Mr. Hudson, St. Margaret's Street, Ipswich, black-headed

gulls shot on the land, we shall be very pleased to examine them and report on the same and thus try and help in arriving at some definite conclusions. Experience has shown me that expressions of opinion without examination as to the feeding habits of birds is not only useless but often most misleading; e.g.—A fishing expert who has long taken an interest in gulls sent me a black-headed gull from the North with the information: Fishing in burn, just taken a small trout. On examination in gullet was the water-beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*). In the gizzard several earth-worms, elytra of beetles and two fresh-water shrimps. Again, herring gulls were sent, stated to have been fishing for sprats in shoal-water, and on examination were found to contain brittle stars. In both instances the gulls were destroying enemies of fish ova. The feeding-habits of the black-headed gull is a most important question, from the farmer's point of view, in consequence of the extraordinary rate at which they have recently increased.—FRANCIS WARD.

[We are extremely glad to publish Dr. Ward's defence of *Larus ridibundus*.—Ed.]

BLACK-HEADED GULLS AND YOUNG SALMONIDÆ.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having handled several thousand young black-headed gulls during the last four years, a large proportion of which ejected the contents of their crops, without seeing any trace of young salmonidæ either among their ejections or on the nesting sites, I have at last taken one, in the shape of a six-inch smelt, from the crop of this species, this happening last Saturday on the Cumberland coast.—H. W. ROBINSON.

STOPHAM BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Lucas about Stopham Bridge is certainly alarming, and although he gives no details, I feel sure that the authorities will, if asked, give particulars of their scheme before putting it into execution. The three delightful views which you publish will recall the charm of the bridge to those who know it, and those who do not know it will long to go there. The one thing to ask for is that people shall be reasonable. We who love the bridge must quietly listen to all reasons brought forward in favour of making alterations. When all these have been fully stated, there is little doubt that a reasonable solution of the difficulty will be easily found. It is not unusual for opposition to be raised before the details of what is to be opposed are known, and therefore I urge the importance of first ascertaining what is the case of the promoters. There are many more users of highways than waterways. Motorists rush over most beautiful bridges in utter ignorance of what they are passing, whereas the users of waterways and fishermen are familiar with this branch of architecture, in which England is peculiarly rich. County surveyors have their attention concentrated upon the purely utilitarian side of the question, and it is necessary that the other side, represented by the lovers of architecture, history and pictorial beauty, should also be properly represented, and at no time has this been so pressing as the present, when, owing to mechanical traction, our roads, which were put out of use by railways, have again come into use, and we are fortunate in having COUNTRY LIFE to bring before the public the necessity of prompt action.—THACKERAY TURNER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The danger threatening Stopham Bridge, to which Mr. E. V. Lucas has so eloquently called attention in COUNTRY LIFE, will be certainly resented by all lovers of Sussex, and, I hope, averted by those who are able to do more than merely express their indignation at the proposed vandalism. This little bridge, which is wide enough for a hay wain, is also wide enough for a large motor-car. What it is not equal to is the conception of their place in the sun and on the high roads of England which belongs to some leisured folk in a hurry. The road, which rises steeply over the neck of the bridge, certainly does show signs of the heavy traffic; but the arches and low parapet, with its nine little bays on either side, are in perfect repair, and look as if they would easily survive, if left alone, until motors have become obsolete. Below the bridge the gardens of Stopham House stretch to the water's edge. An island that holds all manner of trees—pine and aspen and ash—divides the main stream from the backwater, which is full of water-lily leaves pressing up against the old grey stones. Above, there is another island full of trees, and a long green meadow. The bare Pulborough road plunges into a bower of greenness just before emerging on to the bridge, and beyond the open space of the river the trees overhang again on the Fittleworth Hill. A generation ago the proposal to ruin the charm of such a spot, with its perfect relation between Nature and the work of man, might have passed without opposition; but to-day, happily, public opinion has other standards than that of mere utilitarianism whereby to value its inheritance from the past. Our forefathers, if old tales are true, were wont to build their bridges with solemnity. The sacrifice of a cock at the laying of the foundation stone was apparently not infrequent. The blessing of the bridge when it was finished, to guard it against the evil powers of the water, as is still done in France, was the universal custom when Stopham Bridge was built. Let us hope all these rites may deter moderns from lightly altering or pulling down that which was not lightly set up. But there is another, and not, I think, a purely sentimental, reason for leaving it untouched. The law is that men value the uncommon. In days, perhaps nearer than we know, much travel will be by the level and bridgeless highways of the air. If the motorists will only exercise their imagination, and consider the delight, after many miles along routes with no visible boundaries, of descending to earth and submitting to the restraint of these little



weather-beaten bridges, they themselves will be the first to protect them.—
MAUDE GOLDRING.

[In our "Country Notes" will be found a letter from the surveyor denying that there is any intention to interfere with the bridge.—ED.]

THE CHIFF-CHAFF AND THE WREN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a chiff-chaff's nest built upon a wren's nest, taken in Bagley Wood, near Oxford. Both contained eggs, the wren's being more advanced than the chiff-chaff's. I noticed that when the nest was approached, the wren invariably left its nest first. I should be very pleased to

hear of any similar cases, if such are known. With reference to your correspondent's letter about blackbirds bringing up two broods in the same nest, I should like to say I have found a thrush's, which contained a brood in May, and now contains the eggs of the second brood.—E. H. BAILLIE.

EIDER ON THE ISLE OF MAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Eider ducks nest freely on the Isle of May in the Firth of Forth, and this season they are more numerous than formerly. The accompanying photograph was taken on the afternoon of the 3rd inst., and admirably depicts the perfect harmony of the plumage of the sitting bird with the surrounding vegetation. The intruding figure in the photograph is that of Mr. Ross, the chief of the



A COMMUNAL NEST.

lighthouse staff and a zealous guardian of the bird-life of the island. His proximity to the bird is with the view of showing its tameness during incubation. A closer approach might have been made, but as I had only one plate at my disposal, I was afraid to risk it. This is the fourth year this same site has been occupied, and last year I had the pleasure of stroking this bird—or a similar one on the same site—with no more evidence of alarm than a querulous croak on the part of the sitting "dunter." The nest, containing five eggs muffled in the finest of down, is situated within a few feet of a pathway, and in full view of the hordes of trippers that bi-weekly frequent the island during the summer season. That hatching has always been successfully accomplished and yet escaped the notice of the passing crowds is ample evidence of the discriminating powers of the bird



THE FRIENDLY EIDER.

in selecting an environment which so completely lends itself to concealment.—J. M. CAMPBELL.

CHINESE CRICKET CAGES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of last Saturday one of your correspondents gives an illustration of a Portuguese cricket cage. It may interest him, and perhaps others, if you insert the enclosed photograph of a pair of Chinese cricket cages. They are 6 5/8-16 in. in height, closed at the top, with a hole underneath for inserting the insect. There are numerous holes for air, mostly among the foliage and roots of the trees, which run up and the backs. They are of very fine quality porcelain, decorated in *famille rose* enamels of the Kien Lung period (1736-1796). I know of one similar in the Bennett Collection, which was formerly in the Trapnell Collection. I do not know of any in our museums.—R. E. B.



CELESTIAL INSECT PRISONS.

ROOKS LEAVING THE ROOKERY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The writer of your interesting account of rooks and rookeries confesses to being unable sometimes to understand why they suddenly leave as they do. At a very old rookery adjoining the old castle at Colchester, the rooks, which had for years stuck to their old home in spite of being shot at and some of them killed, suddenly left. A castle attendant could only account for it by one or two of the trees, all very old, being blown down. Whether this was the real reason I cannot say—the rooks gave no reason.—J. BLOMFIELD.

A CURIOUSLY MARKED MAGPIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have what appears to me to be an uncommonly marked specimen of a magpie. One centre feather of its tail is of a bronze brown colour, the tip of which is white mixed with black. The other centre feather is normal. It was shot in November last in a wood near Horrabridge, South Devon.—F. CHICHESTER.

THE YAWN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A day or two ago, when the heat was



WEARY WILLIE.

very oppressive, I was spending a few hours at the Zoo with a camera, and, passing the baboons' enclosure, secured the enclosed snapshot at the moment when it was too hot for monkey tricks. As the photograph clearly shows, the animal is behaving in a way most humans do when feeling drowsy.—W. A. GEAR.

IS WATER CONTAINING IRON BENEFICIAL TO YOUNG HORSES?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have some meadows round which there are ditches which are supplied with constantly running water containing iron. Can any of your readers tell me whether such water is likely to be beneficial to young horses? I imagine that iron is good as a blood producer, and wonder if it is likely in consequence to be equally beneficial for bone formation. I am the more anxious to know this because my meadows are sandy, and I am hopeful that the iron in the water will somewhat compensate for the deficiency of lime in the soil. I am sending a sample of the water.—P. H.

[We sent the water to Dr. Frothingham Roach of King's College, and give below his analysis: "Turbidity, nil; colour, yellowish brown; odour, slight; reaction, neutral; chlorine, 12 parts per 100,000; hardness—total 17deg., permanent 13deg., temporary 4deg.; metals, iron; free and saline ammonia,

'052 parts per 100,000; albuminoid ammonia, '132 parts per 100,000; nitrogen, nitrous, nil; nitrogen, nitric, nil; B. coli, nil; B. typhos, nil; B. Welchii, nil; colonies on gelatine very few."

We would be very glad if any of our readers could give their experiences of watering horses from streams containing iron, or say what in their opinion would be the effect of the iron.—ED.]



A LAST ATTENTION.

were hidden (in the crevice of a rock), I proposed placing the vixen near the "earth" and waited on the off chance of obtaining a picture. After waiting an hour and a-half, I secured this picture, which shows one of the cubs licking its dead mother's head.—A. B.

THE CAT NUISANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should appreciate it if you could put me in the way of some simple method of abating the cat nuisance in London. Where I live—a somewhat expensive part of the West End—we are plagued with a dozen to two dozen cats, which make the night perfectly hideous. Can any of your readers put me in the way of a good basket trap, in which these cats could be captured and then gently drowned or otherwise got rid of? Keepers must have some system of catching cats other than using the cruel iron traps, which I do not want to use.—B.



THE GALLOPING TROIKA (J. ORLOFF).

ROBBING THE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Perhaps the accompanying photograph would interest some of your readers. I had an old decayed post in my garden with a hollow top, in which food was placed for the birds. It was regularly visited by squirrels and rats, and the picture shows one of the latter stealing the crumbs and seeds.—H. H. PITTMAN.

EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF A TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think it may interest your readers to hear of a trout which I lately

found dying, in rather curious circumstances, in the Test. As I was fishing, I observed, some eighty yards higher up the river, a fish rolling over and over on top of the water, coiling and uncoiling himself, as if in great agony. He came down towards me on the current, and I told my gillie to go in and fish him out with the net. I had previously shouted to the gillie to look at the fish and asked what was happening, and he had shouted back that he thought it was two moorhens fighting! I mention this point in order to show what a raging commotion this fish really was creating on the surface of the water. As soon as I had persuaded the man that it really was a fish, he went into the water as far as he could and reached out to it with his long-handled net. It had just turned on its side and had ceased its contortions when he got it ashore. It was a killable trout, according to our standard on that part of the Test, which is a minimum of one and a-half pounds. It weighed, in fact, one and three-quarter pounds. So we knocked it on the head with the "priest," though, I believe, it would have died naturally in a very few minutes, and then set to work to examine it. I had expected to see that a big pike had nipped it; but there was no sign of injury. The fish was firm-fleshed, not ill-shaped, apparently in good condition, its gills quite bright and clean and no sign of fungus about it. Neither the gillie nor the keepers, who have had nearly life-long knowledge of the river, say they have ever seen a fish thus "taken" before.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

[The fish caught as described was subsequently sent to Professor Boulenger, at the Natural History Museum, for examination, and as the result of his *post-mortem*, he writes as follows: "On opening the trout, a female, I found the muscles and viscera apparently perfectly healthy. The extraordinary behaviour noticed is probably to be explained by Taumel krankheit (convulsions) of Salmonids, as described by B. Hofer, a disease due to the presence in the brain of a microscopic parasite referred by him, with some doubt, to the sporozoa."—ED.]

THE PAINTER AND THE HORSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a spirited picture in my possession painted by J. Orloff. Can any of your readers give me some information about this painter? I know there is a celebrated and very speedy breed of Russian

trotters known as the Orloffs, and am curious to learn whether there is any relationship between the painter and the breed. If I could get some information it would add very much to the interest of my picture. Can you tell me whether the Troikas that have been seen in some of our English shows are horsed by these Orloff trotters?—L. H.



EARLY MORNING AT THE COVERT SIDE.

EARLY MORNING AT THE COVERT SIDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of Renard enjoying a summer holiday, after the hounds have ceased from troubling and the hun'sman's horn's at rest. The fox seems to know well enough that he is safe for a season and to take full advantage of the knowledge.—P. H. A.

TO PREVENT DAMP COMING THROUGH STONE WALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to the letter of "S. R." in your issue of May 31st, I am pleased to tell him of a remedy for the interior of walls showing damp. Before papering have the walls lined with laminated lead. The proper way to fix is by copper rivets. From experience I find this the only remedy.—H. F. M.

B E E S.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—During a visit to North Devon I noticed in the old-world village of Georgeham the



NICHES BUILT INTO A COTTAGE FOR HIVES.



A FOURTEENTH CENTURY BOOTH.

enclosed picturesque cottage showing four deep recesses in the walls, and which, I was informed, were intended for a beehive to be placed in each.

Walter Scott has thrown the glamour of romance over Scrivelsby as the home of the Marmions:

"There with herald pomp and state;
They hailed Lord Marmion;
They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutter-Ward and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town."

The quaint, strongly built little house, with its trivial modern name, must have been well known to some of the descendants of "Lord Marmion."—G.

Perhaps you can tell me if this custom is common in our Southern Counties, as here in the North it is, I believe, unknown.—H. P. HOPKINS.

"TEAPOT HALL."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the village of Dalderby, which is now incorporated in the parish of Scrivelsby, Lincolnshire, there is a cottage popularly called "Teapot Hall," standing picturesquely against a background of fine trees, and interesting as belonging to a type of which examples are very rare. "Teapot Hall" has been accurately described by Mr. S. O. Addy, who tells us that "it is built of two pairs of straight crutches, or trunks of trees, which extend from the four corners of the house to the ridge-tree, and which support the ridge-tree, the framework being further strengthened by wind-braces." The length, breadth and height of the house are alike, nineteen feet, and the walls are of wood intertwined with twigs or branches, and overlaid with mud or plaster. The low roof is thatched with straw, and from the point where it ends grey slates reach to the ground. A small outbuilding, connected by a door in the south gable, and with a lower roof, formed part of the original house. From this out-shoot, which contains the buttery or scullery, a ladder goes up to the bedroom above. This kind of boat or keel shaped house used to be called a "booth," and "Teapot Hall" is about the size of a fourteenth century "booth." According to local tradition, the cottage is five hundred years old, and it seems likely to be at least as old as that. Sir

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